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CHRONICLE.

The Royal
Family.

LAST Saturday evening the Duchess of YORK gave birth to a son, to the great satisfaction of all good people. HER MAJESTY visited the DUCHESS on Tuesday, and the event has been, or will be, celebrated in all proper manners, including a formal Thanksgiving Service.

On Monday the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, with their daughters, were present at the gymnastic competition of the London School Board. The PRINCE, in replying to a vote of thanks, not only spoke to the immediate subject, but took the opportunity of referring to the birth of his grandson, the death of President CARNOT, and the Pontypridd accident. The PRINCESS then gave prize banners to the winners.

On Tuesday the PRINCE of WALES visited Cambridge to be present at the Agricultural Show there, and stayed at Trinity College, where he was joined by the PRINCESS next day.

In Parliament. In the House of Lords yesterday week Lord DENBIGH'S Merchandise Marks Bill was referred to a Select Committee, and some minor business was done.

Commons. Questions in the Commons were unimportant, and the debate on the Finance Bill, though far from unimportant, was uneventful.

Lords and Commons. On Monday the leaders of both Houses gave notice of addresses to HER MAJESTY expressing congratulation at the birth of her great-grandson, and indignation at the death of President CARNOT.

Lords. The Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill and the Notice of Accidents Bill subsequently passed through Committee in the Upper House.

Commons. At question-time Sir EDWARD GREY confirmed the intelligence that the Third Article of the Anglo-Belgian Agreement was to be withdrawn in compliance with the request of the King of the BELGIANS; and the Albion Colliery accident was also discussed. The rest of the evening was again spent upon the Budget.

Lords and Commons. The addresses above noticed in reference to President CARNOT were duly moved and seconded in both Houses on Tuesday by Lord ROSEBURY,

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Lord SALISBURY, and Mr. BALFOUR respectively. These speeches, to which in the Lower House Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY thought proper to add his voice, were all very proper to be delivered on such an occasion, and Lord SALISBURY'S, which not merely drew attention to the fact that the abolition of Monarchy seems rather to invite than to check the assassination of Chief Magistrates, but referred to the strange epidemic of violent political mania now prevailing, was specially good.

Lords. The Lords subsequently devoted themselves to Wild Birds and Friendly Societies.

Commons. A good many questions were asked in the Commons before the addresses of condolence above referred to came on. But only two of the inquiries, those relating to the Transvaal commandeering question and the Congo Agreement, were of much importance, and no definite new information was elicited by either. The House then returned to the Budget, and, finishing the death duty section, attacked the Government proposal for watering beer. This, by arrangement, was fought out on a single amendment of Colonel LOCKWOOD'S for lowering the increase of duty from sixpence to threepence. After a moderate debate the Government obtained a majority of eighteen, the defection of certain brewers being partly compensated by the accession of some temperance fanatics.

On Wednesday whisky strove to escape the threatened sixpence even less successfully than beer. Dr. MACGREGOR moved a very Scotch amendment, limiting the incidence of the new tax to England, but found no man to support him, though he not only joked earnestly, but produced a glass of pale yellow liquor from the bottom of his hat, and drank it. The amendment of the new Wizard of the North was negatived without a division. Then Mr. QUILTER moved that the sixpence on beer should be levied only on the liquor so called "brewed from substitutes for barley, malt, and hops," which is noted for producing a peculiarly disastrous effect on the legs of agricultural labourers. But the freedom of brewers to use all materials, as secured by the compact of 1880, found zealous defenders, and Mr. QUILTER was defeated by a majority of 57. Mr. BIGWOOD'S amendment to graduate the duty for the benefit of small brewers was

negated without a division, and then a fight for the freedom of Irish whisky, begun by Colonel NOLAN on general principles, and Mr. BUTCHER on behalf of spirits used for medical purposes, was crushed by a more prompt than ingenuous use of the closure. Clause 27 was voted to stand part of the Bill by a majority of 55.

Lords and Commons. In both Houses the addresses of congratulation on the birth of the Duke of YORK's son came up and were appropriately moved and seconded. Lord ROSEBURY prettily, and in the spirit of his name and surname, observed that monarchy "sweetened the air." Lord SALISBURY, in a graver manner, if less in the mood of a morn of merry June, pointed out its enormous logical and political advantages. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. BALFOUR in the other House were equally timely. Then arose me Mr. KEIR HARDIE to oppose the motion. Of parts of Mr. KEIR HARDIE'S speech, if not the whole, it can but be said that only a celebrated prescription of Dr. JOHNSON'S would have dealt properly with them. But he found no supporter.

Lords. After their complimentary work the Lords turned to Boards of Conciliation.

Commons. Even before Mr. KEIR HARDIE'S interference—and before it settled to the Budget once more—the House of Commons had wherewithal to excite itself a little. The proceedings, noticed below, of the present Lord COLERIDGE—who first applies for the Chiltern Hundreds to show that "no living boy shall carry" him against his will out of the House of Commons, and then whines to the Attercliffe electors that he has been so carried—gave Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the opportunity of raising the constitutional question. This was gravely debated, and left unsettled.

Politics out of Parliament. On Tuesday Mr. ASQUITH received a deputation from the Women's Employment Defence League in reference to some clauses of the new Factories Bill. A particularly silly farewell address to the electors of Sheffield was published by Mr. BERNARD (now Lord) COLERIDGE, in which he complained that by no will of his own he was going to a place where the voice of the people seldom penetrated, and so forth. To accompany the folly of words by that of facts, he had applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, and thus by his own will had deserted the Sheffielders at the same time that he made a foolish demonstration. It is a pity that Mr. COLERIDGE did not write this trash in verse, and describe, as his illustrious kinsman once did in self-ridicule, the "dampy" tears coursing down his "paly" cheeks at this cruel abduction and incarceration.

On Wednesday Mr. MORLEY delivered a long speech at Rotherham, in which he told his audience that he and they paid for Chatsworth, adding much which was quite in keeping with this mannerly and honest assertion. It was formally announced at a meeting of the Midlothian Liberal Association that Mr. GLADSTONE would not stand for Parliament at the next election.

A deputation from the Mining Association of Great Britain waited upon the Opposition leaders on Thursday to urge objections against the Eight Hours Bill.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Although there was still no official intelligence on the subject, it was more and more confidently asserted this day week that Lord ROSEBURY had retreated before the dog-in-the-mangerism of Germany in the matter of the Congo Agreement. The KHEDEVE was to start at once for Constantinople, and Constantinople only—another oblique rebuff to which Lord KIMBERLEY'S mismanagement has exposed England. The Transvaal conscription question had been rather threatening; but a vote of the Volksraad exempting "foreigners" on payment of the war-tax was

apparently intended to settle it. An Italian jurist, Signor VIGLIANI, had been appointed arbitrator between England and Portugal in the Manicaland question. The Hungarian Magnates had passed the Civil Marriage Bill through Committee, the Government accepting an amendment declaring that it did not touch the duty of religious marriage also. Order still reigned in Morocco; but the simultaneous presence of Chinese and Japanese troops in Corea was leading to not unnatural huffs between China and Japan.

On Sunday at Lyons, which has long had the reputation of possessing the most dangerous population in Europe, President CARNOT, a most respectable and inoffensive person, was mortally stabbed by one SANTO, an Anarchist and (in the present state of feeling between France and Italy unluckily) an Italian. The President died early on Monday morning. The chief other piece of intelligence contained in that morning's foreign news was a complimentary expression of the German EMPEROR'S about "Prussian and English troops fighting side by side at Waterloo." It was obliging of the EMPEROR, but, considering what has just happened between Germany and England, may smack something of a proverb devised by his and our rude forefathers, and having reference to the vegetable called *Pastinaca sativa*, or parsnip.

The greater part of Tuesday morning's news was also occupied with details of the Lyons assassination and of the incidents directly and indirectly connected with it, including the condolences and complimentary observances of other countries. Among these latter, Italy, under the not less intelligent than creditable impulse of Signor CRISPI (who, indeed, must have a fellow-feeling with Anarchist victims), was prominent. This should allay the tendency to rabble Italians, which has naturally, but unfortunately, shown itself not merely in Lyons but at other places in the South of France. The Anarchist (or rather the Socialist, of whom he is only a more violent and vicious variety) is the enemy not of any particular country, but of the human race, and the human race only plays his game by allowing him to set its sections at loggerheads. There was little other news from the Continent; but Sir HENRY LOCH, visiting Pretoria as the guest of President KRÜGER, had been received with such boisterous and pointed welcome by the "English" party as to make things rather awkward. The truth is that the position of these Dutch Republics embedded in British South Africa is anomalous, if not impossible.

The Lyons assassination naturally continued to supply the major part of the news on Wednesday morning. The French anger against Italians had unluckily not been allayed by the handsome action of Italy, and in Paris itself a "plenary meeting" of Senators and Deputies, on the subject of the election of a new President, had indulged in a free fight to mark its sense of the solemnity of the occasion and the dignity of the Republic. The Transvaal and Corean matters continued to supply some, though no very important, intelligence.

The election of M. CARNOT'S successor by the combined Chambers was carried out on Wednesday (in spite of the efforts of the Socialist Deputies, aided by one well-known eccentric Royalist Deputy, to make a disturbance) rapidly, and with the result generally expected. M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER, who had been half disgusted into withdrawing by the mud-throwing which is a regular feature of Presidential elections in countries happy enough to possess democratic institutions, and whose friends had appealed to the influence of his mother to keep him steady, was elected at the first ballot by 451 votes out of 853. The attacks of French mobs on Italians were being firmly suppressed. King ALEXANDER of Servia had reached Constantinople to pay his respects to the SULTAN. China, by the mouth of

LI HUNG CHANG, warned the world that the refusal of Japan to withdraw from Corea threatened a crisis in Eastern Asia, and was inconsistent with treaties. But China was for peace with honour.

The news from the Transvaal was still ominous on Thursday. The Dutch were sulky at Pretoria, the "English" at Johannesburg very irritable. In the Cape Assembly Mr. RHODES spoke of the state of affairs with regret and the Opposition defined Sir H. LOCH's visit as an entry, presumably of a firebrand, into a gunpowder magazine.

The opening proceedings of the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa formed part of the news of yesterday morning. An arrangement had been made for the Portuguese part of the Trans-African Telegraph, and things were going more smoothly in the Transvaal. The DUPUY Cabinet had resigned.

University Extension. The Congress on University Extension, under the presidency of the Three Chancellors (to the momentous character of whose presence and union the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH pleasantly alluded), began on the afternoon of Friday week, when Lord SALISBURY presided and spoke, as did Professor JEBB and others. We are glad to see that no one over-praised that necessary evil Examination, and that Lord SALISBURY put it in its proper place as a sort of half-fiend, useful to drive out devils worse than itself.

On Saturday the other two—the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and Lord HERSCHELL—took up the tale of blessing. Lord HERSCHELL even endeavouring to put in a word for "the pur De'il," Examination.

St. Paul's School. The governors of St. Paul's School last week formally laid their objections to the new scheme before the Education Department, these objections being supported by a weighty letter from the High Master. The matter naturally formed great part of the subject of the speeches at the "Apposition" Dinner of the Mercers' Company on Thursday.

The London County Council. Statements which require examination were published on Monday, to the effect that the London County Council's service is being virtually closed to non-Union men.

Correspondence. This day week Mr. POYNTER wrote on the Karnak Temples, and Lord GRIMTHORPE, who has been far too silent of late, produced a delightful letter on the Wife's Sister Bill. The Bishop of SALISBURY was taught theology, Lord SELBORNE law, and everybody everything. It was only astonishing to find that Queen ELIZABETH "had more sense" than to do something of which Lord GRIMTHORPE would have disapproved, and that Lord GRIMTHORPE "has always" agreed with the New Testament and the PRIMATE "on something else. Proud Queen ELIZABETH! Happy PRIMATE! And New Testament most fortunate of all! For in these ticklish times, when men doubt of everything, what would have happened if Lord GRIMTHORPE had not agreed with the New Testament?"

Art. It was announced on Wednesday that the National Gallery had secured MANTEGNA's "Agony in the Garden," a great "St. Jerome," and a picture on a "Legend of St. Giles," by a Flemish artist, from Lord NORTHBROOK's collection.

Strikes. Yesterday week Mr. PICKARD spoke on the recent misunderstanding on the Coal "Conciliation" Board in a tone very little conciliatory. Sixty-five thousand men are said to have "gone out" (an ignoble modern reading of the famous old phrase) in the Scotch coal strike on Tuesday.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week BRALL, the Anarchist, was committed for trial.

The survivor in a fatal fight between two Horse Artillerymen came before the Marylebone Police Court, and was remanded on bail, evidence having been given

to show that the deceased had not only challenged him, but refused to cease fighting, and that the fight was quite fair.

The notorious Mrs. THOMPSON, who has been a pest of the Law Courts for months, was at length brought up to Bow Street on Tuesday, and bound over to keep the peace for six months, with prison in default.

Mr. JOHN HEWSTON, the "American General" who used the point (of his umbrella) so effectually at the expense of GEORGE BRUTON, made a formal appearance, on the coroner's inquisition, before Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, the Grand Jury having thrown out the bill. The judge made some sound, if commonplace, remarks on the impartiality of English justice.

On Thursday the long and occasionally loathsome case of BETINI v. The Royal Academy of Music came to an end, with a verdict for the defendants; the jury, however, urging the Academy to be kind to Mlle. BETINI, and to pay her costs for her. Considering that the institution all along offered compromise, and that the costs, which must be very heavy, were run up owing to the plaintiff's refusal, this seems more amiable than necessary. The eternal American victim of the equally eternal confidence trick was before the police courts again.

Games. Yesterday week, in the University Lawn-tennis Singles, Cambridge beat Oxford by five matches (of three sets each) to four.

The doubles next day went even more decisively to Cambridge by seven to two, and on the same day at "real" tennis LATHAM receiving half fifteen and a bisque, beat SAUNDERS by three sets to love.

Racing. The PRINCE OF WALES'S Florizel II., who won the last race at Ascot on Thursday week, won the first next morning; and the Wokingham Stakes, with a large field, went to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S Oatlands. Then followed two most interesting races. The long-distance Alexandra Plate brought out seven runners, and the Frenchman CALLISTRATE was just beaten by Aborigine. In the valuable Hardwicke Stakes La Flèche, one of the best and luckiest of mares, met that good, but persistently unlucky, horse Ravensbury. Five to one was laid on her, but she could not manage it, and Ravensbury won by half a length.

There was racing at Windsor and at Newcastle on Tuesday and later, but nothing particularly noticeable occurred at either meeting, though Xury won the North Derby well on Tuesday, and Newcourt was successful in the Northumberland Plate on Wednesday.

Cricket. In last week's matches Middlesex beat Surrey by six wickets, after a match of rather light scoring. Oxford, after playing very well with Lancashire for a time, "shut up" in the curious fashion of University teams, and were beaten by five wickets, and Warwickshire beat Leicestershire by twice as many.

The match between Sussex and Cambridge, which lasted into Saturday, ended in a very decisive win for the county by eight wickets.

The matches of the present week opened with excellent weather on Monday, the most interesting being Surrey v. Yorkshire at the Oval. The former were, in more senses than one, "at home," running up a score of over 400, due chiefly to Mr. READ'S 161 and BROCKWELL'S 103. Yorkshire, on the other hand, lost five wickets for 43 only, LOCKWOOD (RICHARDSON was away disabled) being very deadly. There was good scoring and good play in at least half a dozen other matches, of which the most interesting, perhaps, was the last trial match of Cambridge against a strong batting team of M. C. C. Oxford, whose side was understood to be settled, faced Sussex and scored well.

Tuesday was a bad day for bowlers, who were knocked about almost everywhere. Yorkshire, though

they recovered somewhat at the end of their first innings, necessarily followed on, and at first so badly that the innings defeat seemed certain. At last MOUNSEY and Mr. SMITH, taking their courage as well as their bats in both hands, set to sheer slogging, and their example being followed by WAINWRIGHT and MOORHOUSE, the quartet made about sixty runs apiece and saved the innings defeat, though not the match. Surrey hit up the balance of 36 without losing a man. The only bowlers' match was Notts v. Lancashire, where the latter county was beaten by an innings and 51. Kent and Middlesex fought pretty evenly; Mr. NEWHAM and GUTTRIDGE made, the first four under, the latter fourteen over, the hundred against Oxford, and Dr. GRACE nearly reached two hundred against Cambridge (actually 196).

There was some interesting cricket on Wednesday, Kent beating Middlesex handsomely by 191 runs, at Tonbridge; Oxford drawing a match with Sussex, at Brighton; and the M.C.C. and Ground making rather an exhibition of Cambridge University, at Lord's. The home team declared their second innings closed when seven wickets had fallen, and they were 591 runs to the good. The University was only able to make 217.

Miscellaneous. A funeral service for the late Lord COLERIDGE was held yesterday week in Westminster Abbey, and attended by very many distinguished persons in Church and State.

A terrible accident happened this day week at the Albion Colliery, near Pontypridd, by which more than two hundred and fifty persons lost their lives. On the same day Rugby School Speeches took place, and also Lord COLERIDGE's funeral at Ottery.

On Monday a Committee of the Privy Council sat to hear an application for a charter by the Manchester College of Music. Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON received the Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

On Saturday Messrs. THORNYCROFT's torpedo-destroyer, H.M.S. *Daring*, went through her speed trials, and is said to have attained rather more than twenty-nine knots and a quarter, or about thirty-three miles an hour.

The Royal Agricultural Show at Cambridge began on Monday. There has been much preliminary inspection during the week of the Tower Bridge, which is to be opened by the PRINCE OF WALES to-day. The Handel Festival began at the Crystal Palace on Monday with the performance of the *Messiah*, as usual.

On Wednesday the number of the Pontypridd victims was raised, conjecturally or certainly, to near three hundred, and the LORD MAYOR put out the usual appeal for assistance.

On Thursday morning the world learnt that Lord ROSEBURY had been at last drawn by the Anti-Gambling League into declaring that he could not discuss the consequences of horse racing, and was content to be even as OLIVER CROMWELL, a man of important position and strict principles who possessed a few race-horses. This is good as a snub, and better if it indicates that the PRIME MINISTER is studying the Protector's colonial policy. Sir W. HARCOURT spoke kind, polite things of the Civil Service at Carrington House, and in particular of Lord WELBY. Honorary degrees were conferred on the Duke of YORK and others at Cambridge on the occasion of the opening of the Agricultural Show on Wednesday. Mr. ASQUITH gave an award fixing the price to be paid for four-wheeled cabs, and decided that drivers must make good to owners the actual amount charged by Railway Companies for privileged cabs. The Committee of the Bar, appointed at the suggestion of Sir H. JAMES, published a Report on Wednesday recommending the formation of a permanent representative body to be called the General Council of the Bar. Mr. BALFOUR confided to the British Economical Association his

private opinion that the ignorance of journalists on economical, including currency, questions is great and invincible.

The second meet of the Coaching Club was held on the Horse Guards Parade on Wednesday.

On Thursday the annual financial statement of the London School Board was made; the annual meeting of the Church House was held; and a complimentary dinner, at which Mr. IRVING presided, was given to Mr. WILLARD.

Obituary. Mme. ALBONI was very well known to every body as one of the greatest singers of the past half-century, though she had retired from the stage so long that few under middle age had actually heard her sing.

Books. A book of quite unusual interest, and very beautifully produced, to which we hope to return at length, *La Science du Point d'Honneur*, has been published (Paris: Ancienne Maison Quantin); the author is M. CROABBON, an advocate by profession, and a master of the laws of the duel.

The Theatres. Since last week M. SARDOU's new play, *Madame Sans-Gêne*, has been given at the Gaiety by a French company, with Mme. RÉJANE at their head; and on Monday a play of Mr. BARRIE'S—new in England, though not in New York—called *The Professor's Love Story*, was given.

THE ROYAL LINE.

TO analyse the peculiar feeling of elation with which the news of the birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of YORK was received by the British public would be no very easy undertaking. It is enough for most of us to be assured by personal experience that that feeling was not only genuine but strong, and few, no doubt, have troubled themselves with any quantitative comparison of the shares respectively contributed by loyal affection for the Sovereign and her family, by natural human sympathy with the young couple who are the most closely concerned with the interesting event, and by purely political satisfaction at the addition of another to the already existing guarantees of the strength and stability of the Throne. That all these various elements combine in varying measure to form the common national sentiment which has manifested itself on this occasion is certain; and, if any ingredient in it still remains untraced, we may set down something to the account of that slightly mysterious, but quite undeniable, pleasure which the human mind derives from the establishment of what, in the convenient, and for its convenience perhaps excusable, slang of the athlete, is called a "record." The fact, moreover, that this is the first time in our history that the lineal succession to the Crown has been represented by as many as three male descendants of the reigning Sovereign belonging to three successive generations has more than a mere interest of curiosity. That a line of kings stretching out through so many centuries should only now have produced this particular combination serves to remind the Englishman of two topics of equally pleasurable pride to him—the antiquity of the monarchy and the long life and reign of the present occupant of the throne. Nor is it a light thing to be able to reflect that, if the youngest of these lives in being is extended to its natural span, the regular and direct devolution of the Crown is secured for a period which few, save the very youngest among us, can possibly outlive.

It was inevitable that the tragic contrast in which the events of last Saturday and Sunday placed the fortunes of France and England should painfully strike the imagination of mankind. Happily for our

neighbours, its dramatic significance has, as it happens, a less accompaniment of political import than it might only too easily have presented at other periods of French history. An indirect tribute to the value of monarchical institutions is, it is true, conveyed in the haste—a haste only saved from unseemliness by its high political necessity—with which the office of President has to be refilled before the obsequies of its last incumbent have been performed. It is the nearest substitute with which a Republic can provide itself for the invaluable principle of an hereditary monarchy that the sovereign cannot die; and the rapid and orderly working of the elective machinery in the present case in France has, no doubt, made it a very efficient substitute. The half-demented miscreants who have banded themselves together against civilization have at least no excuse in this instance for imagining that their senseless crimes will produce any impression on the system of government at which they are aimed or the social order which depends upon it. But it is only too easy to conceive a political conjuncture under Republican rule in which even the momentary interregnum brought about by an unexpected vacation of the Presidential office would have far more serious effects. There are crises in which the mere uncertainty who is to succeed to the vacant headship of the State, and which of two or more contending parties is destined to impose its nominee on the temporarily ungoverned nation, may of itself suffice to precipitate a revolution. Nor in such cases does it avail to have attempted to engraft the dynastic upon the elective principle of succession; for not a hand was stretched forth to save the Empire after the catastrophe of Sedan. It is at such moments of national convulsion that the immeasurable superiority of a real hereditary monarchy over both Republic and CÆSAR will make itself felt, and the universal welcome which has been extended by the people of England to the newborn great-grandson of their Sovereign is largely due to the feeling that this superiority is now triply assured.

CRICKET CRITICS.

"**A**MONG things that are not as they should be," to quote a translator of *ÆSCHYLUS*, we might reckon the ordinary reports of cricket matches. They lack picturesque detail, they are unimpassioned and unimpressive. A thousand delicate *nuances* are neglected, the "psychological moment" is neglected, we have a very bare record of the obvious facts, which we might almost extract from the mere score. Were *HAZLITT* living now, he could describe a cricket match as it should be done. We may be told of the limits of space. You cannot well give three columns to a match, perhaps; but this only means that the reporter should select and condense—things essential in art. We by no means ask for a record of every snick; we only claim the essential, the tragedy or comedy, the drama of the game. Of course, we do not desire stuff such as "JIMMY came in grinning, among applause from 'his brother profs. He was soon putting his beef into 'the slows, and giving CAWKER beans. SNOOKS was 'tried, but JAMES took tea with SNOOKS, and crumped 'him to the cords three times in a round." No, we do not at all want more of this manner of narration. We want psychology, zest, reflection, and a number of things which we do not expect presently to obtain. Thus, in *Cambridge v. M.C.C.* the real question was, What is Cambridge worth, and how is she off for bowling? A cold thrill ran through the Oxonian frame on seeing "WELLS" on the card. "Has ARTHUR 'come again," men asked, "as Mr. STREATFEILD 'reappeared last year?" Oxford dreads these resur-

rections. Soon it became apparent that this Mr. WELLS was not *the* Mr. WELLS with whom Oxford cannot cope, before whom they cower, and play back to half volleys. A thing very interesting and dramatic was the appearance of Mr. W. G. GRACE, Junior, for M.C.C. If a personal remark may be permitted, Mr. GRACE's figure reminds the elderly observer of his illustrious sire at the same age. But he was left out of the Cambridge Eleven, and made a cipher in his first innings for M.C.C. This looked ill, but the play of Mr. PHILIPSON was a consolation. It is undeniable that the public would like to see another W. G. in a University Eleven. Probably Dr. GRACE is human enough to share that aspiration. The younger scion was tried as a bowler; his style has not the ease of his sire's, nor the work from leg; here is no *atavism*, but he certainly keeps up his end with conscientious determination, and can considerably vary his curve and pace. As much may be said for Mr. DOUGLAS. He bowled Mr. PHILIPSON with a sudden fast ball, breaking in from leg, "a bitter ball to play at, a beautiful ball to 'behold," as Mr. SWINBURNE might sing. Of Mr. MITCHELL the match showed us little; he was instantly caught at wicket. It was on the second day that the younger Mr. GRACE bowled so well, adding five wickets (including that almost impregnable one of Mr. LATHAM) to his solitary spoil of the previous evening. This was very serviceable bowling. In the second innings of M.C.C. the elder GRACE mathematically demonstrated that Cambridge needed the younger GRACE to bowl. After getting his hundred he waxed wanton. It was like the good old times. He hit a ball on to the roof of the side seats, he dropped another in the pavilion; he also made one or two dangerous strokes. About 130 he clearly said to himself "As 'well get two hundred when I am at it," and relapsed into placing balls for one or two. The envious Gods sent a wind, with heavy clouds from the east, and the glorious task was not accomplished; by four did the hero fall short of his second century. Mr. RANJITSINGH's innings (94) was as pretty as one of Mr. EDWARD LYTTLETON's could be; more we cannot say. When the junior GRACE got, not quite faultlessly, 54, we deemed him secure of his Blue. But he only bowled three overs for twenty runs in the second innings, where Mr. LATHAM and Mr. PERKINS again showed what dangerous bats the Old Guard of Cambridge can be. As we write ten of the eleven have got their colours. Who is to be the bowler, the eleventh man? Here is a question for critics, the question of the week. Our sympathies turn towards Gloucestershire; but sentiment does not deserve a hearing. BROCKWELL, Mr. READ, Mr. FRY, Mr. MORDAUNT, Mr. ERNEST SMITH have been reaping glorious laurels; but the essential question is, Can Cambridge find a bowler? Given fine weather, the University teams ought never to get each other out, except by runs out and natural decay, like "leg before" from a wearied umpire. But Eton may lend Mr. WELLS, or Mr. FRY may bowl four wickets in four consecutive balls again.

THE MURDER OF M. CARNOT.

THE murder of M. CARNOT is a crime which excites to a kind of indignant contempt, though the act in itself is not altogether contemptible. A very worthy man has been killed, and we have had one more proof that the Anarchist "Superstition is now so well advanced" that insignificant men become under its influence "as Firm as Butchers by occupation; and 'votary Resolution is made equipollent to Custom even 'in matters of Blood." The Anarchists of to-day are the equivalent to the religious fanatics of whom BACON was thinking when he wrote the words quoted. That

incoherent raving creed can produce its Friar CLEMENT, RAVAILLAC, JAUREGUY, and BALTAZAR GERARD, and it is undeniable that such men are dangerous. But, in spite of the gravity of its results, there is much in SANTO's crime that is despicable. It appears to have been largely prompted by pure vanity, by the desire to shine, and to be talked about. The futility of the crime is no less obvious than the ignoble nature of the motive. Its supposed object is to terrorize "Society" by removing the elected chief of the nation. Yet before M. CARNOT was in his grave three competitors for his place had presented themselves, and those who had the power to give it away were wrangling over their vote, while the machinery of Government worked without a pause. The applause which some of the Anarchists have invoked on the crime of this wretched Italian journeyman baker gives the measure of their intelligence.

There is, indeed, no necessity to insist on the crime itself. The most notable feature in it was well selected by Lord SALISBURY when he pointed out its absolute want of novelty. SANTO used no scientific means, no modern invention. He employed the old weapon of CLEMENT and FELTON. His success proves once more that the most dangerous of all assassins is the man who, like himself, or the theological student, SAND, who murdered KOTZEBUE, looks harmless, has no associates, goes to work in the simplest way, and is indifferent to his own fate, or eager to die in some conspicuous manner. Fortunately such men are rare. It is, perhaps, somewhat early to begin calculating the consequences of his imbecile crime, and yet we feel confident that they cannot be considerable. The effect on the international relations of France may even be favourable for a time and until the first impression has worn off. The promptitude of the German EMPEROR in expressing his feelings has certainly given the French great pleasure; while the best of them have been moved by the very friendly language of Italy, and have been made very indignant, and a little ashamed, by the riotous attacks on harmless Italians living in France, which are the actions of mobs who have seized on a pretext to plunder trade rivals. The resolutions passed in both Houses of Parliament, and the words used by the leaders both of the majority and the Opposition here, have also produced a good effect. Sensible Frenchmen have paid no attention to the silly and unmannerly speech of Mr. MCCARTHY. They are probably sufficiently acquainted with the facts to be aware that his chatter about the old connexion between Irish rebels and French enemies indicates nothing but the itch of the typical Irishman to be talking. We may ourselves doubt whether there was as much tact as truth in some references of Lord ROSEBURY to international relations at the end of his speech. A less logical people than the French would be capable of seeing that the murder of their President by an Italian fanatic supplies no reason why their Foreign Office should be less obstinate than heretofore in resisting our supposed aggressions on the Upper Nile. At some future time they will probably be found pointing this out for themselves. At present, and under the influence of the first emotion, they do not refuse to take what was kindly said as kindly meant, and have given a proper reception to the assurances of friendly feelings towards France which have been made in both Houses, and by the leaders of both parties, in very dignified language. This at least is so much gained at a time when it was needed.

In France the sudden crisis has not passed without incidents of an undignified kind. The rowdy misconduct of the Socialist Deputies was to be expected. Perhaps as much may fairly be said for the indecent haste shown by M. DUPUY in rushing back from Lyons

to Paris to grasp at the vacant office. The utter want of any real party organization in France, and the provisions of the Constitution which leave the election of a President in the hands of the two Chambers, make a scramble well nigh inevitable on an unforeseen emergency. From the decidedly canting tone of M. DUPUY's address, it may be charitably suspected that he was secretly somewhat ashamed of his own hurry. The shrewd French proverb *qui s'excuse s'accuse* applies very well to the PRIME MINISTER's uneasy plea, that since the place he was trying for has been shown to be dangerous, he was fairly entitled to be in a hurry to get it. In a way, M. DUPUY has even done some service, for he has certainly shown that the violent death of M. CARNOT has not frightened a very typical French *bourgeois* out of his desire to enjoy the dignity and emolument of the Presidency. The attempt of the Royalists to prolong the election, at a time when the most elementary common sense should have shown them that speed was absolutely necessary as a defence against the revolutionary parties, is as little to their credit as the disorder of the Socialists. But, in spite of the misconduct or foolishness of individuals and factions, the Chambers have done the right thing, and have done it quickly. No fitter man could have been found to succeed M. CARNOT than M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER. Reputations are so rapidly made in France now, and with so little apparent effort, that it is rather difficult to produce evidence that this politician, who was perfectly obscure a year ago, deserves the pre-eminence into which he has risen within a few months. Death of others, which is one of the well-known elements of fortune, has helped him more conspicuously than any visible exertions of his own. But, in the present dearth of men of real ability and force in France, M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER has some qualities which mark him out as a fit successor to M. CARNOT. He has kept clear of the scandals of the Third Republic. Nobody can say that he is, in any sense of the word, an adventurer, for his family has been long distinguished. During his short tenure of office as Prime Minister he showed a certain force of character which is deplorably wanting in his contemporaries. He would have nothing to say to the policy of so-called Republican concentration, which left the control practically in the hands of the Radicals. By one of the common paradoxes of French politics, the very quality which brought about the defeat of his Ministry has secured his election as President. He has been chosen because of his known determination to oppose the Revolutionary parties.

But though the right thing has been done, and done quickly, it has also been done by a narrow majority. Of 851 Senators and Deputies who voted, 453 supported M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER. The absolute majority required by the French Constitution was 423. A score of votes cast for any of the other candidates would have rendered a second ballot necessary, and in that case a prolonged contest might very well have ensued. The Royalists who voted for General FÉVRIER had announced their intention to act as a flying squadron, which the numbers would have enabled them to do with the utmost effect if the balance had been only a little more even. It was notorious that M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER had been disgusted by the torrent of personal abuse which seems to be inseparable from Presidential elections everywhere, and had announced that he would withdraw his candidature if he was not elected at the first ballot. This rather pettish attitude would hardly appear to Englishmen a sign of force of character, but Frenchmen are more tender to a touchy regard for personal dignity. The fear that M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER would be as good as his word may have served to keep

some of his followers steady. The result is fortunate so far. Although there is no sign of any general revolutionary movement in France, the Government is not in any condition to stand a prolonged crisis. The danger of a collapse or paralysis of the Administration in the midst of which the Revolutionary parties would begin to stir is very real. For the moment it has been averted, but M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER'S work is only beginning. The candidature of M. DUPUY, which served to draw off a part of the support which ought to have been given to the President, has made his own continuance in the place of Prime Minister impossible. A new Cabinet must be formed, and another Parliamentary crisis got through. It will be interesting to us to see what is done with the Foreign Office.

THE BEER DUTY.

A MAJORITY of eighteen in favour of an important provision in the only important measure which the Government look like passing this Session is not magnificent, but it might have been worse. It might have been as poor as their score on two previous occasions of considerable moment, and not have exceeded fourteen. Indeed, with a little more honesty and courage on the part of those who object to the 23rd Clause of the Finance Bill, the Ministerial majority would undoubtedly have fallen below ten, if not disappeared altogether. As it is, the list of the names in the division by which the impost of the new sixpenny Beer duty was carried the other night, when studied with a recollection of the known opinions of their owners, does not exactly strike one as a Golden Book of political probity and independence. There are several scores of Irish patronymics among the Ayes which, if votes and opinions were the same thing, would undoubtedly figure among the Noes; while, to be candid, we are quite willing to admit the possibility that the opponents of the clause received some few unwilling recruits whom the pressure of opinion "in the trade" had forced to throw over their political preferences or party inclinations. To Mr. WHITBREAD alone, equally superior to his neighbours whether he is defending the Parliamentary gag on high constitutional grounds, or apologizing for what he pronounces an unjust tax on the plea that, as a mark of personal respect to himself, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has handsomely promised to do injustice only for a year certain—to the member for Bedford alone was it given to speak against the clause and to vote in its favour, and yet to maintain to the last that dignified presence of which Parliament is so soon to be deprived.

Moreover, there is no special temptation to criticize the division list for its evidences of political insincerity, when the speeches delivered in the debate, and particularly the arguments of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, so much more importunately invite remark. Perhaps, indeed, the Conservative attack upon the clause itself was not in the happiest order of tactics; Colonel LOCKWOOD'S proposal to reduce the addition to the Beer duty from sixpence to threepence is not as strong in logic or consistency as a good Conservative could have wished. If beer is to be selected for taxation at all, to split sixpences is mere trifling with the subject. It is impossible to contend, wherever the incidence of the new impost is, that those who could bear the half of it would be overwhelmed by the burden of the whole; while, if there is no good reason—that is, no honest reason—for singling out beer for taxation at all, a threepenny duty is just as indefensible as a sixpenny one. However, the mere form of the amendment only afforded Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT the opportunity of a verbal

triumph. He was able to rally the mover on "taking two bites at a cherry"; but the sarcasm scarcely hit anybody else. Other Opposition speakers attacked the proposal as a whole, and Mr. GOSCHEN, in the excellent speech with which he closed the debate, argumentatively demolished it. The feat was the more admirable because the work was a twofold one. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, as he has with much simplicity let out on more than one occasion, has a real reason and a sham reason—both of them avowed, but only one of them really influencing him—for imposing the tax; and neither of them would hold water when Mr. GOSCHEN sat down.

It is, in fact, the gross and sneaking disingenuousness of the proposal which makes it so disgusting to every one but the Gladstonian partisan and that curious commentator of the *Times* whose criticisms on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Budget are a compound of suppressed teetotalism and full-blown financial priggery. There is no reason why beer should not be taxed. There is nothing specially disinterested or patriotic in the brewer's opposition to it. His solicitude for the farmer and the consumer, like the farmer's solicitude for him and for the consumer, is a quite familiar phenomenon in cases of this kind, and the commentator aforesaid is, no doubt, entitled to make merry over it. But when he has had his little joke he is still far from having shown that beer ought to pay an additional tax of sixpence a barrel. You do not, or you ought not to, tax any product or interest merely because there are no reasons why you should not, but because there are positive reasons why you should. Nor, having resolved upon taxing it, does the justice of that resolve receive the least confirmation in the fact that the victims exclaim in the names of other people instead of in their own. Some more positive designation of them than this should be forthcoming on the facts, and, like Mr. GOSCHEN, we entirely fail to find it. Of positive reasons for not taxing the brewers, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer suggests at least one in the circumstance that he himself added to their burdens only two or three years ago. As to the positive reasons for taxing beer, these, as far as they can be gathered from the audacious inconsistencies of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, are three in number. First, it is alleged that the brewers' trade is a profitable one, and that many persons engaged in it have prospered in it; which is, of course, merely one of those "arguments of the Caliph" which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has borrowed from the romantic masters to whom he is indebted for so much of what Mr. BALFOUR many weeks ago described with perfect accuracy as his "Oriental finance." His second avowed reason is a mere confession of impotence and counsel of despair. He taxes the brewers because, as he candidly acknowledges, he is at his financial wit's end; and in his Parliamentary defence of the tax he had actually to fall back upon the silly old debating trick of challenging Mr. GOSCHEN to name a new tax in substitution for it. But the last, and, though strictly unavowed—no doubt the strongest of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S reasons, from his own point of view—is that an increased Beer duty, whether it hits the producer or the consumer, savours sweet in the nostrils of the teetotaler, and, as an attack upon either the pocket of the one or the pleasures of the other, will go far to save the wound which has been inflicted (and so to save the votes which might have been endangered) by the burking of the Local Veto Bill.

Good finance, however, is of course capable, like other good things, of being supported by bad arguments, and even bad finance backed by bad arguments may possess the merits of honesty and straightforwardness. But our main objection, as we have already said, to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Budget is founded,

not on considerations of financial soundness, but of moral obliquity. Considered from the point of view of that "equal distribution of public burdens" which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER pretends that he has aimed at, and (when he is addressing one kind of audience) even boasts that he has achieved, its imposture is so gross, open, and palpable that it almost ceases to be imposture at all. For, if we were to say that, while professing to aim at this equality, he is unable to conceal the fact that his object is the exact opposite, we should be not so much understating the case as misstating it altogether. To describe him as letting the cat out of the bag would be not merely an inadequate, but a misleading, metaphor. It is absolutely essential to his electioneering tactics that the cat should be seen; and shameless is not the word for the way in which he has opened the Budget and held up the animal by the tail. The wonder is that, after repeatedly performing this operation—after again and again assuring the beer-drinking majority of the electorate that they cannot, will not, shall not feel the burden of the enhanced Beer duty in the smallest degree, but that the whole weight of its incidence must, and shall, and will fall upon the wealthy brewer—he should have had the "brazen boldness" to hark back to the "equality principle" last Tuesday night, and talk solemn nonsense about his duty as a Chancellor of the Exchequer to balance every addition to the direct taxpayer's burdens by its equivalent in indirect taxation. What sort of "equivalent" is that which the indirect taxpayer is repeatedly assured that he cannot possibly feel? Why, he *ought* to feel it; and if this readjusting operation which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT professes himself bound to perform were performed in fact, he would feel it. Yet, if he does, what will become of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's electioneering pledge to him? And, if he does not, what are we to think of the just and virtuous financier who pretends to divide the burden of extinguishing the deficit among all classes of the taxpayers in proportion to their means, while the real fact is that, partly by avowed direct taxation in the new Estate duty, and partly by pretended indirect, but really direct, taxation in the form of an alcohol tax which the consumer "cannot possibly feel," he imposes it on certain members of the richer classes alone?

Of the Spirit duties we can say nothing in this place, except that the debate on the clause imposing them was rushed to a conclusion on Wednesday afternoon by a manoeuvre which, since Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on Thursday made a sort of promise of giving up its fruits, we refrain from describing, in his own historic words, as a "dirty trick," but which, as unexplained, can only, by angelic charity or superhuman casuistry, be distinguished from the sharpest of sharp practice.

THE CONGO CAPITULATION.

ON Monday night Sir EDWARD GREY informed Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT that Article Three of the Anglo-Belgian Agreement had been withdrawn, "at the request of the King of the BELGIANS," added Sir EDWARD with an admirable gravity. That is to say, in language more blunt but also more direct, the objections of Germany to the lease of the passage-strip between Lake Tanganyika and the Victoria Nyanza have prevailed.

Now, in discussing this (for Englishmen) very unpleasant occurrence, there are several things that we do not intend to do. We do not intend to shout *Nous sommes trahis!* or to argue that an irreparable loss has been inflicted on England. As a matter of fact the

gain by Article Three was rather pictorial and sentimental than real, and the loss of it may be soothed by one very practical consideration. With Germany friendly the strip does not matter; with Germany unfriendly the force which would be required to hold it would secure us a good deal more than a belt fifteen miles wide from lake to lake, and passing through some of the least-known country in Africa. Nor, on the other hand, do we intend to use hard words of Germany. "Every man for himself" is a rule which most nations go upon as far as they can and dare; and if for this reason or that Germany objected to the English presence on her frontier she was quite right to try to frighten us out of it if she could. Only, we do protest against the fulsome language which has been used by some contemporaries as if Germany had done England a positive favour in thwarting our schemes, and hinting that our room is so infinitely better than our company that she could not think of allowing us to bestow the latter upon her. And we must also point out, first, that Germany has absolutely no right to make the particular objection she made; and, secondly, that, unless she had designs—which we in our turn could not admit—on the Congo State, any objection is not only *ultra vires*, but unintelligible.

These things pointed out (and, as the not very many people who are acquainted with the facts know, they are absolutely undeniable), we have nothing more to say to Germany. The most bellicose of States could not well have gone to war with her on her conduct, though there may be a pretty shrewd suspicion that that conduct would not have been exhibited to the most bellicose of States. But we have something very different to say to the statesmen who, first by heedless advance, and then by precipitate and undignified retreat, have, for a material advantage of very little value either way, inflicted a distinct humiliation on England. It was most undoubtedly Lord KIMBERLEY's duty either to ascertain beforehand that Germany had no objection, or to make up his own and the Cabinet's mind that, whether Germany objected or not, England intended to maintain the Agreement. You do not in diplomacy do things which either require the assent of other Powers, or, at least, are quite likely to rub other Powers the wrong way, without ascertaining that no objection will be made, or going through some calculation of what is to happen next. And if it be said that Lord KIMBERLEY has had little Foreign Office experience, what is to be said of his chief? No doubt Ladas "has necessarily taken up" a great deal of [Lord ROSEBERY'S] time," as SYDNEY SMITH remarked of the buck Lord TANKERVILLE sent him. No doubt the exigencies of the various divisions of the Gladstonian party (who, more unreasonable than the wolves of the famous story, require not merely a child thrown now and then, but a child or joint of a child for each wolf at each throw) have taken up some more. But if a Prime Minister whose one political speciality is Foreign Policy cannot, unless he is at the Foreign Office, keep a better look out on subordinate clumsiness than this, then the wisdom which made Lord SALISBURY keep the most important single department of State in his own hands is better justified than ever. And we are constrained to add that Lord ROSEBERY will have to do a great deal before he makes up for this wanton, this invited, and home-made blunder. If he was not too satisfactory in the Siamese matter he had the excuse that the initiative there was not his. He did not "go for to do it." Here he, or his turned-loose colleague, did.

We have no lust at present to speak much more of this unlucky Agreement, of which all that was most valuable to England has gone already, and more may go soon. But one thing we must say. The French (of whom in

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their present difficulty we desire to speak amicably) seem to see in the German victory an omen for their own. We pointed out here weeks ago that the German case, good or bad, was partly destructive of the French, and partly quite outside it. A German frontier, admitted by England, did touch the land leased by the Congo State to England. No French frontier admitted by England, or in any way existent, touches the land leased by England to the Congo State. But this part of the matter is a trifle to the other. The claims of Germany were mainly based on the supposed incompetence of an internationally created State to confer prior rights of *any kind* on one of her creators to the disadvantage of the others. We may admit this argument, or we may not. But if it be admitted, then, as we pointed out long ago, the pre-emption claims of France fall to the ground at once. A State which cannot even convey to England the terminable usufruct of a small part of its territory, certainly cannot preferentially alienate the fee, such as it is, to France. Germany may, as PETRUCHIO says, "have a little galled" us; but she has maimed France outright.

THE BUDGET AND THE RECESS.

THE feelings with which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has watched the Committee stage of the Finance Bill drawing to a close have awakened the sympathy of the House of Commons. A fatigued and unskilful mariner entering the port which he scarcely expected to reach; a bankrupt whose torture by question gives signs of coming to an end; a director, or an auditor of a public company, looking forward to his speedy release from the hands of the Official Receiver, may feel something faintly resembling the satisfaction with which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has hailed the conclusion of the long torture of the Committee stage. The general verdict is that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has got out of the difficulty better than could have been expected. If he has not shown his knowledge, he has on several occasions successfully concealed his ignorance. Once, indeed, by a stroke of high art he confessed his want of acquaintance with the subject under discussion, and this acknowledgment of partial ignorance veiled an indirect pretension to general knowledge. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has acted in the discussions in Committee on the sage principle of never doing for yourself what you can get others to do for you. What has taken place in the House of Commons night after night recalls DICKENS'S description of the two waiters—the immovable waiter and the flying waiter. The immovable waiter looked on and frowned or smiled, while the flying waiter brought in the things, and laid the cloth, and polished the glasses, "and between whiles took supplementary flights for a great variety of articles, as it was discovered from time to time that the immovable waiter had forgotten all about them." The sheaves of amendments and new clauses which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL has had to prepare at the shortest notice to remedy Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S oversights and forgetfulnesses could scarcely be more happily described.

Mr. ROBERT REID, as yet undecorated with that "transient honour" to which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT modestly referred in a late debate on titles of dignity as marking his passage to higher posts through the office now filled by the Member for Dumfries, has been the flying waiter of the Committee stage of the Finance Bill. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has listened with an air of approval, and sometimes even of awakened curiosity, shading into pleased enlightenment, as the SOLICITOR-GENERAL has explained his own meaning to him. The last Duke of DOUGLAS, it is authentically recorded, conducted his conversation much in the

manner in which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has conducted the Committee debates on the Budget. When a question was addressed to him, he used to nod to Mr. JOHN HOME, the poet, whom he kept at his side for the purpose, and he replied for him, as Mr. REID has replied for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The worst, however, is now over, and we may congratulate Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on his release from a painful and trying position. It is understood that, after all he has gone through, he will never have another Budget. He is quite equal to the office of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer during the recess; but the Session of 1895 will probably see it in other hands.

With the practical passing of the Budget the work of the Session will have begun and ended. While the Lords are engaged in debating provisions which they have constitutionally no power to amend, and practically no power to reject, the Commons may be amused with the pretence of legislation on other subjects. Mr. MORLEY may be allowed his innings with the Registration Bill, or with the Evicted Tenants Bill, or with both, but unless they are modified into some decent approach to fairness they are not likely to become law. If the Lords were more faint-hearted than there is any reason to think them, the Leeds Conference would encourage them. It was probably promoted by Ministers in order to give them excuse for dropping the crusade against "the hereditary and irresponsible branch of the Legislature." It is impossible that anybody should be frightened by Dr. SPENCE WATSON, or should take seriously an agitation of which Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON are the spokesmen. Ministers will have a comfortable recess, which they will occupy in preparing one or two measures to be submitted to Parliament, and the titles of a great many measures to be recited in the QUEEN'S speech. The country may feel a little anxious at the fact that its foreign policy will for six months be in the uncontrolled direction of the authors of the Anglo-Congo Agreement. But Lord ROSEBURY and Lord KIMBERLEY have probably learned something from their own blunders. If the Government cannot get a good defeat before Easter, they will probably dissolve on a multitudinous programme, and make appeal for a majority which, by their own confession, they now lack, sufficient to give it effect.

THE MANNERS OF THE MAJORITY.

THE House of Commons was favoured, on Thursday night, with two examples of the manners of persons who compose its admirable majority. Lord COLERIDGE gave it, by his actions, an instance of extreme advertising silliness, and Mr. KEIR HARDIE provided it with an unparalleled specimen of ugly rowdiness. We do not apply the word vulgarity to his performance. Vulgarity may be good-natured, and honest in intention. We will not even call it blackguard, for it is just possible to be blackguardly with a certain air of manners, or at least with picturesque spirit. But there was nothing in what Mr. KEIR HARDIE did which rises above the level of the howling, foul-mouthed, and indecently capering larrikin. Between Lord COLERIDGE and the member for West Ham there are, we hope, some Gladstonians who are ashamed of them. If so, we condole with them, but wonder at their choice to remain in such company.

The case of Lord COLERIDGE is clear, though silly. He has chosen to advertise himself by a pretended discontent with the accident of birth to which he owes whatever trifling importance he possesses. Of course, if he likes to reply that if he had been born in the same position as Mr. KEIR HARDIE he would have distinguished himself in exactly the same way, it will

not be for us to contradict him. Early habits of washing have not been without effect, and as a matter of fact he is only silly—a proper subject for laughter, but not for the horsepond. In his twopenny-half-penny democratic zeal he has chosen to show his reluctance to accept the position of a peer by not leaving the House of Commons as any gentleman who was not for ever mouthing on a penny gaff of his own would infallibly have done. His correct course was to apply for his writ of summons, and on receipt of it, to vacate his seat quietly. Lord COLERIDGE has preferred to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, just in order that he might pose as resisting to the last his odious fate. Of course, as his one reason for making the application was that he knew himself to be a peer, the course he took was intrinsically imbecile, even for its avowed purpose; but, as it has caused not a little talk about Lord COLERIDGE, one can understand why it was taken. For he has started a question of privilege, and a Committee will be appointed. The Chiltern Hundreds can only be given to a member of the House of Commons—therefore Lord COLERIDGE claimed to be treated as a member of the House of Commons, and his claim was allowed. But at that time his father was dead, and he had succeeded to the title. It is true that his writ of summons to the Upper House had not been issued, because it had not been applied for. If, however, a man does not become a peer until he is summoned, and if it rests with himself to provoke the summons, if until he does he is still a commoner, he can sit in the Lower House. All Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT's clumsy sophistry cannot destroy Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's demonstration that this is clearly implied in Lord COLERIDGE's application for the Chiltern Hundreds and the grant of the office to him. Here is a chopping block for logic, and a case of a Committee to revise rules or practices which worked in times when persons pretending to the name of gentlemen did not think it becoming to pose and make scenes. They will no longer work in a body which is liable to include such a very different stamp of man as the very new Lord who sat for Attercliffe as the Honble. Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE is, no doubt, democratic enough to be as unwilling to be promoted gentleman as Lord COLERIDGE can pretend to be to endure a peerage. But he has a much stronger position. His behaviour on Thursday night, when the usual motion was made to present an address of congratulation to the QUEEN on the birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of YORK, shows that it is in no danger. Between Mr. KEIR HARDIE and a gentleman there lie many hundreds of thousands of decent right-minded people who do not "wear a black coat," but who can behave in an honest human way, and whom no gentleman would insult by supposing them to bear any resemblance to the member for West Ham. Whether he quite knew how ignoble his attitude and most of his words were—but then it is so disgraceful not to know. When Mr. KEIR HARDIE spoke of owing no "allegiance to any hereditary rule," he was only ignorant. If he acts on that supposed freedom, his education will be improved by instruction in the nature of treason and treason-felony. What Mr. KEIR HARDIE said further on we do not quote or discuss. There are privileged positions which enable a man to say such things with impunity; but whoever avails himself of that advantage doubles ruffianism with cowardice.

MARIETTA ALBONI.

FEW artists have had the courage to retire from the scene of their triumphs when yet in full possession of what constituted their special talent; fewer still have been fortunate enough to keep throughout long years of retirement

an intact halo of a great reputation; and—this from personal experience—it has been given to none to preserve a unique gift of nature free from all injuries for so long a period of years and under such circumstances, as has been the happy lot of the great artist of whom we write. Everybody is acquainted by this time with the material facts of Marietta Alboni's life; we know that she is a *Romagnola* by birth, having been born at Cesena (1823); we know that she studied at Bologna with Bertoletti, through whom she became acquainted with Rossini; we know how, before she was twenty, she made her *début* at the Scala as Maffio Orsini—how, in 1854, she married a countryman of hers, Count Pepoli, a Bolognese nobleman, and how after eleven short years of a career unparalleled for easy triumphs, Mme. Alboni retired from the stage.

It was not given to us to admire the great contralto on the stage, but we were fortunate enough to listen more than once to her unique art in the strict privacy of her "at homes" in the hotel she owned on the Cours la Reine in Paris. These were royal receptions indeed. Mme. Alboni all but enthroned, surrounded by a perfect court of worshippers from the bearers of the most illustrious names and titles to humble beginners and *débutantes*. Every one was anxious to pay homage to the celebrated hostess, and for everybody there was a kind word, a deed of sympathy, an advice and boundless leniency for all weaknesses and conceits. Prevented by a sad infirmity from moving about her drawing-room, Mme. Alboni knew how to make herself felt in every corner of her hotel. And when she condescended to sing! It was more than joy or delight; the mere sound of her voice filled one with happiness. There was once a discussion at the Cours la Reine house about the respective merits of lyric declamation and the *bel canto* school; and this was the first time that the writer had an opportunity of hearing Mme. Alboni sing. The lady would not be drawn into the discussion; but, pressed on all sides, answered with the first Recitative of *Arsace*. There was an end to all arguments. It would be an idle task to endeavour to render in words what Mme. Alboni's art was—the dramatic accent, the noble delivery, the feeling, and that divine voice! The very *timbre* came upon one as a surprise, and but for the distinct articulation one might have mistaken the sounds for those of an unknown instrument, or of some wonderful stop of an organ. And the virtuosity! Scales extending over two octaves, arpeggios, shakes, turns, all coming like cascades of pearls; every variety of expression, the intensity handled with astounding ease in all its extremes, &c., but the voice alone was sufficient, as one heard it, to produce an everlasting impression; it is in listening to Mme. Alboni's voice that one understood Rossini's famous "tre V"—the three V's—i.e. in the master's own words, "Per cantare ci vuol voce, e voce, e ancora voce." It is difficult to decide now to which of her many unique qualities Marietta Alboni owed her fame. Contemporary opinion was not agreed upon the point; in Italy, for instance, Alboni was considered a singer of style, with "un accento potentemente drammatico accompagnato da un' azione piena di calore," and so it must have been. M. Fétis, on the other side, in summing up French opinion, says:—"Que l'effet irrésistible du chant de Mlle. Alboni était le résultat des dons exquis qu'elle a reçus de la nature, et qu'il y manque essentiellement les qualités du style et le sentiment dramatique." This opinion, however, might be taken with several grains of salt, if only because of the following imbecile phrase of the same M. Fétis:—"Puis elle (Alboni) revint à Paris et osa y chanter le rôle de Fidès dans *Le Prophète* au théâtre de l'Opéra." The italics are ours, and that *osa* is as big as that Yankee hot-house 200 miles long and 2 feet wide, and is in as good taste as the famous qualification of Alboni as of "an elephant who had swallowed a nightingale. More to the point may be the opinion of Mme. Alboni's impresario, Merelli, who had classified the lady amongst those artists whose names are excellent on prospectuses for obtaining subscriptions, but without much effect on programmes as a draw for the general public. He attributed this to the unwieldy appearance of the singer, a genuine daughter of the province the capital of which is Bologna la Grassa. The early retirement of Mme. Alboni from the stage may be attributed to this cause.

London and the Covent Garden Theatre can claim the distinction of having decided and sanctioned the fame of, then, Mlle. Alboni, and for our part—a last quotation—we

side entirely with M. Arthur Pougin when he says that the incomparable talent of Mme. Alboni is, "pour ceux qui ont eu le bonheur de l'entendre, un merveilleux souvenir." But not only those who have heard the great singer will keep a revered souvenir of her name.

According to the testamentary dispositions of Marietta Alboni a sum of 4,000*l.* is left for the foundation of beds for Italian patients in Paris hospitals; an income of 1,500*l.* a year is to revert to the Assistance Publique at the death of the actual recipient of that income; and 400*l.* is to be invested every year out of specified funds, in forty savings books of 10*l.* each, to be presented to as many boys and girls of thirteen, without distinction of nationality or religion.

Thus, Marietta Alboni's last thought went to those who weep and who suffer, and many a tear will be dried, and many a sorrow alleviated, henceforth in the name of the supreme pity of a supreme woman's heart.

MONEY MATTERS.

EIGHT years ago the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company was one of the most prosperous in the United States. It was paying high dividends, and seemed to have a brilliant future before it. Just then it launched out into extravagant extensions, competing with a number of other Companies which were all trying to obtain control of as much territory as possible. Two or three years later the result of this policy was that the Company became bankrupt, and in 1889 it had to be reorganized. Two years later—that is, in 1891—there was a second reconstruction; and in the autumn of last year—barely two years later—the Company again broke down, and a Receiver was appointed over all its properties. Thus in less than five years there have been no fewer than three insolvencies of the Company. It is important to bear this fact in mind in judging of the plan just now recommended by the Committees sitting in London and New York for the third reorganization of the Company. Clearly there ought to be an end to patching and botching. Whatever is done now ought to be thorough, so that, as far as human foresight enables one to judge, there shall be no further need of reconstruction. Let us see whether the plan promises to be thorough. In 1891—that is, on the occasion of the second reconstruction—certain Income bonds were converted into Second Mortgage bonds. They were to be entitled in future to less interest than had been theirs in their original form. But, on the other hand, they acquired foreclosure rights. Now it is proposed to reconvert them into Income bonds. Naturally there is a great outcry, and it is indignantly asked whether it is right and proper that British bondholders should be stripped of their foreclosure rights. We fully sympathize with the indignation; and yet we are inclined to think that the Second Mortgage bondholders would be wise to adopt the scheme. The matter stands thus. There is a floating debt of, in round figures, nearly 3 millions sterling. If the Second Mortgage bondholders are willing to find the money to pay off this floating debt they are acting quite within their rights in foreclosing. But they must remember that they then become the owners of the property. Instead of being creditors with foreclosure rights as they are now, they will be owners and will have to provide the means necessary in the future for keeping the property in right order and for working it. Consequently, in addition to the 3 millions sterling required to pay off the floating debt they will have to find whatever capital may be required to keep the line in proper order; and then they will receive, not interest, which would entitle them to foreclosure on default, but dividends, if any are earned. We do not in the least wish to influence any man's judgment who is interested in the Company; but we submit that this is not an attractive position for the British investor. Now, suppose that the Second Mortgage bondholders are unwilling to find the 3 millions sterling to pay off the floating debt, to incur the costs of foreclosure, and to make themselves responsible for repairing, equipping, and running the line, it is evident that somebody or other must find the 3 millions to pay off the floating debt. And the plan recommended by the two committees is that the shareholders be called upon to find, in round figures, 2½ millions sterling by assessment. In our opinion, this is

right. The shareholders elected the boards that made shipwreck of the Company—or, at all events, they allowed the boards to be elected and to exercise their sweet wills. The shareholders, moreover, are the owners of the property, and if ever it becomes prosperous they will be entitled to the whole reversion. Clearly, it is for them to pay off the floating debt that has been incurred. But each shareholder is called upon to pay 12 dollars per share, and a share at the present moment is worth only about 5 dollars. Consequently it is hardly likely that a man would pay nearly two-and-a-half times the value of his share, unless he was given compensation of some kind. Therefore it is proposed to give Income bonds to the shareholders for their assessment. Assuming that the assessment is paid, then the holders of the floating debt will be paid off by it and by the sale of Second Mortgage bonds—altogether, Second Mortgage bonds amounting to 7 millions sterling are authorized under the plan to provide future capital for the Company. As the present Second Mortgage bondholders are not asked to pay off the floating debt, on the other hand they are required to give up their foreclosure rights, and to accept instead of the Mortgage bonds Income bonds entitled to 5 per cent. per annum when earned. And to insure that the new plan shall be carried out honestly, and the interest of all classes shall be looked after strictly, it is provided that the Income bondholders are to have control of the line until the full 5 per cent. interest to which they are entitled is paid for three consecutive years. Assuming that their control is real, undoubtedly this would introduce a most beneficial reform. It would enable English methods of management to be enforced; it would put an end to the "Presidential" or "Boss" system, and it would guarantee the Income bondholders that they would receive all the interest which really had been earned. Upon the whole, then—although we admit that the holders of the present Second Mortgage bonds have a right to complain—we think it is more for their interest to accept the plan than to reject it.

The extreme cheapness and abundance of money continue, and bankers find it difficult to lend almost on any terms. From day to day money has been frequently borrowed during the week at ½ per cent.; but some bankers prefer to do nothing rather than to lend at such a rate. During this week the receipts of gold by the Bank of England have been smaller than for a considerable time past; but there are very large sums on the way from the United States, from South Africa, and from India. It is estimated by those who are in a position to know that during the month of June nearly three-quarters of a million sterling in gold has been exported from Bombay to Europe.

The India Council has been again very successful in the sale of its drafts this week. It sold on Wednesday the full 45 lakhs offered for tender at 12*l.* 1*d.* per rupee, and later in the day it sold 20 lakhs more at a slight fraction higher. For the moment there is little demand for silver for India; while the large amount of gold that is being exported has, of course, to be paid for, and the rise in wheat during the past week or two has encouraged exports of that article from Calcutta and Kurrachi. Hence the demand for Council drafts for remittance. The silver market, which was very active at the end of last week, has become quieter this week, and the price has fallen somewhat; it is fluctuating about 28½*d.* per ounce.

President Cleveland is reported to have said one day this week that there is no cause for anxiety respecting the financial condition of the United States, that the balance of trade, which was very unfavourable twelve months ago, is now in favour of the country, and that he himself is resolved to do his duty. Nobody has ever doubted that President Cleveland would do what he believed to be right, nor is there any doubt that, upon the whole, he is sound in his views respecting both currency and trade. What people are anxious about is, not that the President will fail in the trust reposed in him, but that Congress will refuse to give him the powers required to perform his duty efficiently. However, it is matter for great satisfaction that the President is confident of his ability to do what may be required. Meanwhile the mere fact that the balance of trade is in favour of the United States is of little advantage; for since the beginning of the year about 12 millions sterling in gold have been exported from the country, and more is coming every day. That proves clearly that the circulation is redundant, and that the depreciated silver and silver certificates are driving out gold. Still, President

Cleveland's reassuring statement, and the progress that is now being made with the Tariff Bill in the Senate, have given a fillip to the stock markets, and there has been a general rise. We trust that the public will not be misled; that they will continue to act with the prudence and caution they have shown for the past few years. Even if the President is able to guide the country safely through its difficulties, there can be no possible doubt that the difficulties exist, that they are very grave, and that they will tax the abilities even of President Cleveland. That being so, speculation is too dangerous, and we would warn our readers to keep aloof for the present from the American market.

There is an inclination, too, to look more favourably upon the prospects of South America. But there is exceedingly little doing. In Australia there are no signs of improvement, and upon the Continental Bourses business is very stagnant. The assassination of President Carnot had wonderfully little effect upon the Bourses. But for all that the incident is warning speculators to be very cautious how they act. At home the railway traffic returns continue to show most gratifying increases, proving beyond the possibility of doubt that the home trade is extremely satisfactory. The foreign trade is bad, but up to now the home trade has been very good. Unfortunately, the coal strike in Scotland threatens to jeopardize the prosperity of the country. Almost 70,000 men are reported to be out of employment; and it is reported that the employers have decided to refuse all outside arbitration. A strike upon such a scale will certainly disorganize business throughout Scotland, and though it is, of course, a much smaller dispute than that which had so serious an effect in the Midlands last year, still it will react upon this country, and cannot fail to injure trade. In spite, however, of the coal strike, operators have been buying Home Railways all through the week. The Scotch stocks have of course given way, and London & South-Western have likewise been neglected; but almost all others are higher. Besides the highly satisfactory traffic returns, speculators are encouraged by the extreme cheapness of money. They argue that bankers will be unable to keep up their dividends unless they can somehow employ their deposits more freely than for many months past; that, therefore, the Stock Exchange will give every facility it requires; and that, as money must continue cheap for the remainder of the year, it is safe to buy now with the prospect of selling at higher prices later in the year. There is, of course, a good deal of plausibility in the argument; but we hope the investing public will not be led away by it. There is a rumour in the City that the Indian Government is contemplating the conversion of the Four per Cent. Rupee-paper.

There is very little change to be noted for the week in the very best classes of securities, which maintain their exceedingly high quotations, but have not been specially active. In Home Railway stocks, on the other hand, there is an almost general rise to record, with the exception, of course, of the Scotch stocks. Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 125½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1, and the Deferred stock closed at 42, a fall of 1½. North British Preferred closed at 75½, a fall of ½, while the Deferred closed at 37½, a fall of 2. On the other hand, Great Western closed at 164½, a rise of ¾; North-Western closed at 171½, also a rise of ¾; North Staffordshire closed at 133, a rise of 1; Brighton Undivided closed at 169, a rise of 1; Brighton "A" closed at 157½, a rise of ¾; Great Eastern closed at 78½, a rise of 1½; and Midland closed at 160, also a rise of 1½. On the other hand, Anglo-American Telegraphs and Direct United States have given way, owing to rumours, which we believe to be quite unfounded, that there is likely to be a war of rates between the Anglo-American and the Commercial Companies. Anglo-American "B," for example, closed on Thursday at 73, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. In the American market there was great depression until Tuesday. Then there was a better feeling for a couple of days, and another fall on Thursday, the result being that quotations are generally lower than last week. Atchison securities have been particularly affected by the dissatisfaction felt respecting the proposed reconstruction. The shares closed on Thursday at 5½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1¼; and the Four per Cent. Gold Mortgage bonds closed at 76½, a fall of 2. There

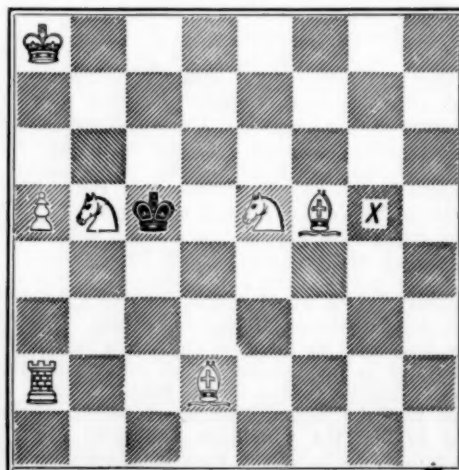
are very few other changes of importance enough to note; but Illinois Central closed at 92½ on Thursday, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ¾. In the South American and inter-Bourse markets little has occurred of interest, and quotations have changed only a trifle. Brazilian Four and a Half, however, closed at 72, a rise of 1, and German Threes closed at 90, a rise of ¾. During the past few weeks there has been a very remarkable upward movement in German Threes, from which it is generally inferred that another conversion is in preparation.

CHESS NOTES.

SOMETHING was said here, before the championship match became sufficiently interesting to claim nearly all our attention, about the art of problem composition, and it is worth while to return to the subject now that the stress of match and tournament has been somewhat relieved. Every chess-player knows that the average problem of to-day is superior in execution to that of twelve or fifteen years ago; the general taste has been cultivated, and the canons are better understood and more respected. It is now comparatively rare to see a capture or a check on the first move, or an impossible, or all but impossible, arrangement of pieces on the board. Yet these blemishes are seen, and seen too frequently where one would least expect them. They ought never to occur at all. The solver who has spent half an hour over a problem in an artistic and scrupulous spirit, never dreaming that the composer means him to bully Black with a check, or knock him down with the capture of a piece, has ground for his resentment. As for the arrangement of pieces on the board, that must always be a question of less or greater daintiness. It is not easy to draw the line. One thing which must be rigorously excluded, if we are talking about chess, and not picture-puzzles, is the fanciful disposition of the pieces into lines, figures, and letters of the alphabet—a yew-clipping sort of trick which is sometimes affected by the frivolous. Symmetry has no value in chess, though it may sometimes have a meaning, as it has in the problem printed on June 16 and solved to-day. There is no reasonable objection to the arrangement of the pieces in this problem, though they are perfectly symmetrical after White's first move—queen's bishop to knight's fifth. The alignment here is essential to the character of the problem, and Mr. Minckwitz is too fine a composer to have adopted it for merely sportive purposes. None of the pieces, it will be observed, supports any of the others, except that the pawn is defended by the rook; yet they are where they are for a distinct object, which is not pictorial. As we have mentioned the problem, it may as well be solved without

A MATE IN THREE.

BLACK—1 Piece.



WHITE—7 Pieces.

delay. The White queen's bishop having moved as indicated, Black, who had two moves open to him, now has three. White has relaxed his grip in order to get a firmer hold elsewhere. Black may go either to the left or to the

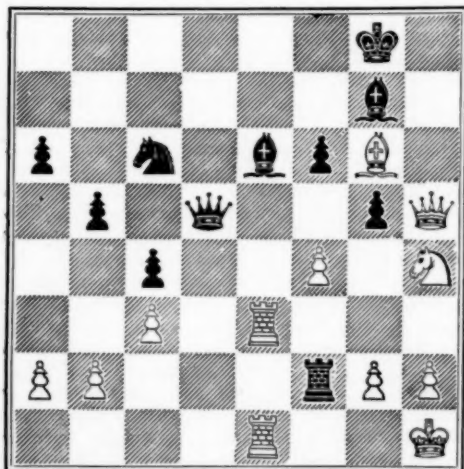
right. If he turns to the left, taking the knight or moving to his knight's fifth, White plays bishop to king's seventh. In either case Black will have to move to a white square, and White's other bishop mates accordingly. But if Black's first move takes him to the right, to his queen's fourth, then rook plays to QB 2, Black is obliged to take the other knight, and rook mates. The effectiveness of White's pieces on the fifth rank of the board, and especially of the two knights or the two bishops in combination, is the salient feature of this problem. (Solutions, in the order received, by L. C. D., C. T. S., J. B., Glasgow, Ina, H. B. Simeon, Westdel, A. C. W., and others.)

To return to the question of arrangement, there is no sounder rule than that the pieces of both colours should be disposed on the board as they might be in the course of a game between two fairly good players. The problem last considered does not stand this test particularly well; for the White king is too remote and isolated, and one can scarcely imagine the position as resulting from a good game. Indeed, the test itself needs a certain reservation; for no one wants to bar problems in which White has a crushing superiority, so long as the mate in two, or three, or four is difficult to discover, and based on a fine idea. But the canon laid down above will protect us from such absurdities as pawns on the eighth rank, adjacent doubled pawns, trebled pawns on the rook's file, king's and queen's pawns both unmoved—all of which we have noticed in problems recently printed. There is still more to be said on the art of problem composition; but this must suffice for the moment.

Instead of a problem for the next fortnight we will propose an end-game played by two chess masters some years

WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN.

BLACK—11 Pieces.



WHITE—12 Pieces.

ago. White won in seven moves—how? And is there more than one way of doing it?

A serviceable little book on the openings, by Mr. Thomas Long, is published at Huddersfield under the title of *Double Diagrams in the Chess Openings*. It gives in each case a diagram from White's point of view and a reversed diagram looking from Black's side. This is novel and slightly convenient, though a learner should accustom himself to follow the moves of either player indifferently from the same diagram.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

IF any testimony to the profound conservatism of the English people were needed the Handel Festival would supply it. *The Messiah*—to take the high-water mark—was produced 153 years ago, *Israel in Egypt* still earlier, and the Festival itself is thirty-seven years old. Yet time after time some 80,000 or 90,000 people go to the Crystal Palace to hear music that has been familiar from infancy, and singers whom they have heard on countless occasions before, without any apparent diminution of interest. In fact, they go just because it is all so familiar and so old-established; in this country novelty attracts only the few, the great public loves that to which it is accustomed. Of

course, the unique scale of the performance counts for a good deal; but that has long ceased to be a novelty, and new works performed on any scale whatever would not bring together a tithe of the numbers. The loyalty of the English public to old favourites, whether artists or works of art, is a constant source of astonishment to foreigners, but it is really part of the national character. On the present occasion this aspect of the Festival was emphasized by the peculiar significance imparted to the initial performance of the National Anthem in honour of the birth of the Duke of York's son announced the same morning. The huge mass of chorus and orchestra rose to the occasion and rolled out the anthem with indescribable breadth and dignity. The effect was stirring in the extreme, and no part of the oratorio which followed made a deeper impression on the audience.

The general scheme of the Festival followed the precedent set on all previous occasions, except the first, when *Judas Maccabeus* was given with the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*. The plan of giving a selection on the intermediate day instead of a third oratorio has been approved by time, and is undoubtedly wise. It imparts an agreeable variety, and permits the introduction of many Handelian compositions which could not otherwise be heard. But, more than that, none of the other oratorios, though containing single numbers of the highest order, are fit to stand in their entirety beside the two great masterpieces. And there is an instructive reason for their inferiority. Handel was a deeply religious man, and "he would frequently declare in conversation the pleasure he felt in setting the Scriptures to music." The words of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, being taken wholly from the Bible, gave scope for his most sublime inspirations; in the other oratorios he was the victim, as most composers have been, of incapable librettists. The books contain an amount of conventional eighteenth-century stuff, descending into downright bathos, which all his genius failed to overcome. For instance, the Chorus from *Jephtha*, "How dark, O Lord, are Thy decrees," performed on Selection Day, ends with these lines:—

But on this maxim still obey,
Whatever is, is right.

The repetition of the words "Whatever is, is right" to a phrase which labours to make them impressive becomes actually ludicrous. Many more glaring instances of the incongruity between Handel's truly religious spirit and the conventional sentiment of his day might be quoted from lines supplied him by writers very inferior to Pope. And it is worth noting in this connexion that, next to the Scriptural oratorios, the most successful has been *Samson*, the "book" of which is chiefly Miltonic, and breathes a much loftier strain than the rest. In his own lifetime, and for long afterwards, it ranked next to the *Messiah*. The wonder is that he succeeded in making so much as he did out of such poor material as he generally had to work upon; for, in spite of all drawbacks, his least perfect works constitute a mine of noble music, rich enough to furnish, year after year, fresh additions to the Festival repertory, quite worthy of the occasion. This alone would prove the splendour of his genius, and amply justify English loyalty to his name; for no other composer whatever could stand the same test with equal success.

Chorus and orchestra were on the usual scale, and admirably balanced. The suggestion that the Handel Festival should be performed by thirty-three instrumentalists and twenty-six singers, or, at any rate, that the former should outnumber the latter by one-fourth, because some documents have been unearthed which go to show that the composer, who had a way of putting up with what he could get, may sometimes have had the *Messiah* so performed—this sagacious suggestion is an interesting illustration of the lengths to which pedantry will go. It will probably be carried out about the time when we burn our Broadwoods and Erards, and play the piano-forte music of Bach and Beethoven only on the instruments with which those composers had to content themselves. Meanwhile most of us will continue impenitently to enjoy a good thing when we get it, without troubling about the important views of nobodies on what is or is not "correct." And the present arrangement is a very good thing, though it has one real drawback. The tenors and basses have to stand so far apart—eighty yards, is it not?—that except to the few people who happen to be equidistant from them, they do not appear to be singing

exactly together, and this effect is particularly noticeable in the fugal numbers. Otherwise the effect is quite satisfactory, the band and the organ fully holding their own. This year the balance of voices seemed unusually good, and we must congratulate the tenors and contraltos, who are too often smothered between the outside parts, on maintaining their ground with unfailing power and sonority. The sopranos sounded pinched and uncomfortable on sustained notes above F sharp; but this is so much the common lot of London and south-country choirs generally that it passes unnoticed by those who have never heard any others. But for this they were excellent, and the basses, as usual, gave a splendid account of themselves. It is curious that in Italian choral singing the tenors generally kill the basses; while in England the reverse happens. At the Festival the match was fairly drawn, as it should be. With regard to the band, the policy of introducing amateurs, and particularly ladies, who are unused to the work, and, instead of attending to the conductor, merely "go with the crowd," was carried too far, and resulted in some unsteadiness.

To come down to details, the chorus and orchestra deserve unstinted praise for Monday's fine performance of the *Messiah*. Those who really know their *Messiah*—by which we do not mean those who need to pore over a score, but those who have sung or played it till they know it by heart—these are aware that such a thing as a flawless performance on a large scale never was yet, and they will the most heartily appreciate the high level of excellence maintained on Monday. Beyond the general remarks already made, we shall pick no holes, because only affectation can pretend that there were any seriously worth picking. As for the soloists, Mr. Santley, who has by far the longest record and must be the "father" of the Festival, unequivocally carried off the honours with "Why do the nations?" and justly. To tell the truth, he is the only member of the quartet who can vocalize Handel's "divisions" to perfection. His is the true *staccato-legato* style, each note perfectly full and distinct, yet smoothly linked to the next. The rest were but fair in this respect, particularly Madame Albani, whose strong point never was vocalization. Her runs in "Rejoice greatly" were a little heavy and lumpish. Otherwise she, too, has the grand style, and many notes in her voice are still beautiful. Mr. Ben Davies made a first appearance, and acquitted himself very well indeed. He sang with great care and dignity, especially in the opening recitative and in the Passion numbers. It was a pleasure to hear so much taste and feeling expended on a part which has never been adequately sung since Mr. Sims Reeves abandoned it. But, curiously enough, Mr. Davies's success would have been greater if his taste had been less; that is to say, if he had sacrificed his *piano* effects, which were not audible half-way down the room. The fact is that a voice like Mr. Davies's, good but in no respect remarkable, cannot afford to use less power than a *mezzo-forte* to so large an audience, except on a high note. Miss Marian Mackenzie sang the contralto music very nicely throughout, and struggled gamely with the difficulties of "He is like a refiner's fire." In the trumpet *obbligato* to "The trumpet shall sound," Mr. Morrow's lip failed him times and again, but those who can play that instrument better may cast a stone at him.

The other great public event of the week received solemn notice on the second day, by means of an opening performance of the "Dead March," the whole audience rising spontaneously out of respect for the memory of M. Carnot. The miscellaneous programme on this day attracted a very large audience, and seemed to give great satisfaction. The novelties were, in the first or sacred part, three choruses from *Deborah*, and "How dark, O Lord, are thy decrees," from *Jephtha*, interposed as it should be between the recitative "Deeper and deeper still" and the air "Waft her, angels"; in the second part, the Concerto in D, for strings, oboes, bassoons, and organ, and the soprano air "Vinto è l'amor," from *Otello*, introduced by Miss Ella Russell. These were all well received, but made no special impression. The chief successes of the choir were won in the delicious "Nightingale chorus," from *Solomon*, and in "Wretched lovers," from *Acis and Galatea*. Mr. Manns had taken great pains to get the needful delicacy and precision which these familiar choruses respectively demand, and we hope he was gratified with the result. On the other hand, the noble "Glory to God," from *Joshua*, failed of its due effect. Mr. Ben Davies was over-weighted

by the solo part and the trumpet something more than over-weighted, with a result which went far to spoil one of the finest choruses Handel ever wrote. Otherwise, the various instrumental solo passages in the programme received full justice, and we must especially praise the beautiful rendering of the flute part in "Sweet Bird," from *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*. Of the singers, most interest attached to Mme. Melba as a new comer. She sang "Let the bright Seraphim" and "Sweet Bird," the former in a very scrambly fashion, the latter to perfection. Her voice is altogether too light to do justice to "Let the bright Seraphim," and in trying to make more of it she spoils its natural beauty to a great extent and sang poorly. Her other solo was a faultless display of brilliant vocalization. Mr. Edward Lloyd introduced the same airs as at the last Festival, and sang them with all the monotony of sweet, even, uninteresting smoothness which marks his style. Mr. Santley again held his own with the best, and proved himself the greatest artist at the Festival.

The performance of *Israel in Egypt*, on Friday, took place too late for us to give any account of it; but the way in which several of the choruses went at the general rehearsal left little doubt that the execution of this work, which is to many the crowning glory of the Festival, would in no respect fall below the level of the rest. Mr. Manns's direction of the whole series adds another item to his long list of distinguished musical services.

MESSRS. LAWRIE'S EXHIBITION.

QUALITY, not number, is represented by the collection of old and modern paintings on view at Messrs. Lawrie's Gallery, 15 Old Bond Street, with results that cannot but prove satisfactory to the fastidious visitor. But if there are choice examples here, among a small gathering, there is no lack of variety, since the show comprises portraits by Raeburn, Hoppner, and Cotes; landscapes by Constable and Stark, Ruysdael and Corot; a good Morland and a fine seapiece by J. S. Cotman; drawings by Westall, Rossetti, and Mr. Alma Tadema; and specimens of the diverse styles of James Maris, Monticelli, Decamps, and Jacques. No. 5, by James Stark, is a woodland landscape that reveals all the virtues of the Norwich school, both in colour and execution, and is of exceptional beauty and, we may add, of exceptional interest. No more striking instance could be cited of the influence of the Netherlands landscape of the seventeenth century upon the Norwich painters. At the same time this important example of Stark serves as a most convincing link between the work of Hobbema and the work of Rousseau; and this dual affinity involves not technical characters merely, but is comprehensive of both the conceptive and the perceptive, or external, views of Nature. Cotman's "Homeward Bound" (3) is a powerful painting of a ship with all sail set, transfigured by the rich sunset light of a warm glowing sky to something of the phantasmal and imposing vision of the Flying Dutchman. Cotman, never a prosaic painter, is here moved by irresistible inspiration. There is an indescribable glory and exaltation in this painting. The Constable (10) is an admirable work, one of the best of the painter's numerous landscapes of the Northern Heights of London—"The Pond, Highgate," looking eastward, with the woods of Highgate to the left. The sky, with its soft and sun-reflecting broken clouds, is superbly painted, wonderful for depth and breadth and brilliancy. The "Landscape" (8), by Ruysdael, with figures by Berghem, is another noble work, and one that is well known to all students of the master. Among the portraits, the most noteworthy are a fine example by Raeburn, a portrait of an unnamed lady, and Hoppner's "Princess Amelia" (2). Infrequent in exhibition is the portraiture of Francis Cotes, R.A., and favourably shown is it by the portrait of "Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry" (4), which, though a somewhat chilling representation of a famous beauty, has a certain measure of accomplishment. For the rest, we must mention Corot's exquisite "Symphonie," shown with other masterpieces of the French painter at Messrs. Lawrie's memorable exhibition last year; an excellent "Souvenir of Dordrecht" (12), by James Maris; "Dr. Lynn's Cottage," by Morland; and a characteristic "Garden of Beauty" (1), by Monticelli.

RACING.

NO well-balanced mind should be seriously disturbed at Midsummer about the Derby of the following year, and it may be a matter rather for satisfaction than regret that no two-year-old has yet proved itself to be as superior to its fellows as had Ladas twelve months ago. Some racing critics are disposed to rank Mr. William Cooper's Kirkconel very high. He won his first race, the Bedford Two-Year-Old Plate, at Newmarket with great ease, and for the New Stakes at Ascot he finished third, a length and a half behind the winner and half a length behind the second in the race, giving 7 lbs. besides weight for sex to each; but if at the weights he ran much better than Cheery, the second, he cannot be said to have proved himself to be definitely superior to Kissing Cup, the winner, yet he ran with great gameness, he is much admired by good judges, and he was certainly an extremely cheap yearling at 520 guineas. Although her yearling price was 2,400 guineas, his conqueror and half-aunt, the Duke of Westminster's Kissing Cup, may also turn out a remunerative investment; for she won 1,700*l.* in the New Stakes, and much more may fairly be expected of this beautiful filly in the future. She was allowed to start, however, at the long odds of 100 to 7 for the New Stakes, it being understood that she had been beaten in a trial by her owner's Tarporley, who had only run fourth to Whiston for the Coventry Stakes two days earlier. On the last day of the Ascot Meeting Tarporley won the Windsor Castle Stakes, and he will probably improve, as he is a big, unset colt. Mr. Dobell's Whiston, a colt that has been freely criticized for having splints just below the knee on both fore-legs and a curb on one hock, and for making a noise; one, moreover, that has met with several defeats, has nevertheless won 2,230*l.* in stakes. He was even a greater outsider for the Coventry Stakes than was Kissing Cup for the New Stakes, and he gave a half-length beating to Mr. Daniel Cooper's Saintly, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes. That filly, who is a miniature model of a racehorse, has also met with several defeats; indeed, it would seem that, if they only run often enough, all the two-year-olds of this year will get beaten. One filly that has yet to be conquered is Lord Zetland's Pastorella, the winner of the Zetland Stakes at York and the Biennial at Ascot, and some critics prefer her to any other two-year-old that ran at the latter meeting. She is a blaze-faced chestnut with four white legs, and her appearance is very much admired; but in the opinion of adverse judges she is just a little wanting in strength and power. Hopbine, the winner of the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, ran disappointingly at Ascot; but Mr. R. Lebaudy's Royal Favour, the winner of the Ormonde Plate at Chester, ran a high trial when she was second to Delphos for the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot with Grey Leg and Arcano behind her. So much for the two-year-old racing.

We sometimes ask ourselves whether the Grand Prix de Paris is a blessing or its opposite to English owners of race-horses. At any rate, the defeat of Matchbox by a French horse has been a national humiliation. Britons generally assume that the English form is at least a little better than the French, and that a three-year-old which has shown himself to be quite, or even almost, at the top of the tree in this country is worth laying odds on against the best of his age in France. Often, we might perhaps say usually, when he goes there he gets beaten, and then our fellow-countrymen satisfy themselves for the loss of their money by saying that it was the journey that upset their champion and lost him the race and themselves their cash; and whenever he has been placed for the Derby, they add that his severe struggle in that race was another cause of his defeat. Be it so; but why, in that case, run these risks in exactly the same way again and again? There has been a good deal of unexpected three-year-old running since the Derby, besides Matchbox's at Paris. Excellent as were the reports of the Duchess of Montrose's Contract, backers as a rule preferred to follow public form for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and the winner started only third favourite. The next day, when Sempromius, who had run third to Contract, was brought out for the Biennial, he, too, was only made third favourite, and, in his turn, he also won his race. Then Bullingdon and Athlone were made equal favourites for the Ascot Derby, and for the third time the third favourite was successful, the Duchess of Montrose once more supplying the winner in a little-known filly named None the Wiser. For

the valuable Coronation Stakes for three-year-olds no less than five fillies were better favourites than the winner, Sir F. Johnstone's rather leggy filly Throstle, who now won her first victory—one worth 2,600*l.* It was supposed that one of the greatest certainties of the whole Ascot Meeting was the three-year-old Delphos for the All-aged Stakes, and 5 to 1 was laid upon him; but 22 lbs. was an enormous weight to give to the other three-year-old competitor, Northshampton, who won the race, to the consternation of the backers of the favourite. The Duke of Westminster's Grey Leg had fallen so much in public estimation since he won the City and Suburban Handicap that he started the extreme outsider of the field of four which ran for the New Biennial. As the event proved, he ought, on the contrary, to have been first favourite; for he won by three lengths. Altogether, the three-year-olds seem to have been doing all they could since the Derby to make backers of first favourites refund their winnings over Ladas. Xury, however, came to their aid on Tuesday last by winning the North Derby, with odds laid on him, at Newcastle.

No better performance over a mile course has been seen this summer than Avington's second for the Royal Hunt Cup. The state of the course, on that never-to-be-forgotten wet Wednesday, probably—as will be presently seen, we say probably advisedly—made the heavy weight of 9 st. 2 lbs., which he was carrying, much more difficult to bear; yet he gave the winner, Victor Wild, 23 lbs., ran him to half a length and finished four lengths in front of the nearest of the twenty-two horses that were behind him, although he was giving from 11 lbs. to 42 lbs. to all of them. So little had been thought of his chance under the weight he was to carry, that 25 to 1 had been laid against him. It is true that as much as 50 to 1 had been laid against the winner; but his form this year had been very bad, and it was understood that something had lately been wrong with him. He was bred by Mr. A. Mostyn Owen, formerly in the Royals, on a farm of his father's at Woodhouse, near Oswestry. It is satisfactory when the owners of one or two thoroughbred brood-mares, as part of their ordinary farm produce, succeed in breeding good horses. Rightly or wrongly, some spectators of the race for the Hunt Cup declare that both Victor Wild and Avington had the advantage of running over a harder and drier portion of the course—the pathway on the far side—than the rest of the field; and, if rightly, on such a muddy day the advantage would undoubtedly be no slight one. Splendid as was Avington's form at Ascot, his half-brother, Best Man, also distinguished himself not a little by his two victories for the first and last races of that meeting, the Trial Stakes and the Queen's Stand Plate, under heavy weights. Over shorter courses, Delphos, although defeated, as we have said, by Northshampton, when giving away a great deal of weight, in his victory over Grey Leg and Arcano for the Fernhill Stakes supported the theory that horses of great size and power are more likely than any others to be successful over short courses, and that T.Y.C. races are rather an encouragement than otherwise to the breeding of fine, powerful, thoroughbred stock. Whether it be better to breed sprinters or stayers is another question; but the non-racing theorist on "our noble breed of horses" would most likely give the preference to the T.Y.C. horse Delphos, instead of to the long-distance stayer La Flèche, if he were to see them both in a yard, without knowing their names or their history. On the other hand, Aborigine, although a stayer, certainly does not err on the side of lightness or lack of power. The Duke of Devonshire won one of the principal short distance races at Ascot, the Wokingham Stakes, with Oatlands, who showed an extraordinary improvement upon his form two days earlier for the Hunt Cup. The Prince of Wales's two victories with his St. Simon colt, Florizel II., could not have been better received, and that colt achieved an unusual feat in winning the last race of one day and the first of the day following.

That extraordinary mare, La Flèche, ran a glorious race for the Ascot Cup, and it was an infinite pity, after so long and wearying a gallop, to bring her out again the next day for the Hardwicke Stakes and get her beaten by a fresh horse; yet who could grudge Ravensbury this piece of luck? Little, indeed, had been the good fortune that had fallen to this hitherto ill-fated horse; and surely to be placed for the Two Thousand, the Derby, the St. Leger, the Grand Prix de Paris, the Newmarket Stakes, the Newmarket Biennial, and the St. James's Palace Stakes at

Ascot in 1893 called for a swing of the pendulum in the opposite direction in 1894.

The victories of Aborigine for the Ascot Stakes and the Alexandra Plate prove him to be a grand stayer; but, while giving him every credit for the latter performance, it is generally thought that his defeat of Callistrate by a neck at 5 lbs. was not a little due to the fine riding of G. Barrett. Sir W. Jardine's Red Ensign, who had won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot last year, and run a dead-heat for the Manchester Cup this spring, did a great thing in running second for the Ascot Stakes, when giving Aborigine 13 lbs., and carrying the heaviest weight in the race. In this class of race, too, Lord Penrhyn's Quæsitum improved upon his victory for the Chester Cup by winning the Gold Vase at Ascot; and on Wednesday last Newcourt, who is now six years old, won the Northumberland Plate for the second time.

THE THEATRES.

THE result has fully justified Mme. Réjane's boldness in making her appearance before a London audience at the very moment when her illustrious compatriot, Mme. Bernhardt, is achieving new conquests and surpassing even her own great reputation. MM. Sardou and Moreau have, it is true, found for her in Catherine la Maréchal Lefebvre, the Madame Sans-Gêne of the title, a broad type of character which suits her perfectly; but, much as she owes to the authors, her mastery of the part stamps her as a *comédienne* of the first rank. The story in itself is thin for a four-act play, but it is told with the neatness and force which we expect to find in work in which M. Sardou has any share. The piece is picturesquely peopled, and the period is one which it would be difficult for any dramatist to make uninteresting. The character of Madame Sans-Gêne is drawn and filled in with consummate skill by the authors. It occupies a very large part of the play, but its variety is so great and its interpretation so masterly, that its disproportion is scarcely noticed, and is certainly not resented. Whether a woman of the people would act as she does is not a question we are either called upon or able to decide. Washerwomen do not so often become duchesses that we can deduce any rules from the isolated cases. It is enough here that the authors have drawn and the actress has presented a very womanly woman, and one who contrives to charm us when her manners are roughest, and, in the hands of any but an accomplished artist, are most calculated to repel. The note of the character is a large-hearted, invincible good-nature, and it has an almost equally skilfully devised companion in the robust simplicity and affection of Lefebvre, a part played by M. Candé with sound judgment, force, and feeling. In contrast with the bustling vivacity, the headlong impetuosity, the impatience of restraint, and the rude manners in the ennobled laundress, we have the loyalty and tenderness of the wife, as displayed in the pathetic little scene where the husband tells her of Napoleon's suggestion that they should be divorced. With the two sisters of Napoleon the woman is a very virago, and Mme. Réjane makes her so with a vengeance; so that in the following scene with Lefebvre we get the full effect of the contrast, with yet another change to the capital comedy scene in which she produces the Emperor's unpaid washing bill of nineteen years before. It is throughout a most admirable impersonation, in voice, expression, and gesture; full of vitality and charm. There is no need to compare Mme. Réjane with Mme. Bernhardt, nor with any one else; though as to this an esteemed contemporary has made an odd comment in saying that, with the exception of Miss Rehan, any other actress who attempted the part would invite failure and provoke derision. Those who remember Miss Ellen Terry's Philippa Chester and Letitia Hardy, not to mention her Nance Oldfield, will scarce agree with this; and as it is announced that Mr. Irving has secured the English rights of MM. Sardou and Moreau's play, it is to be hoped that Miss Ellen Terry will give practical proof that we are right in completely disagreeing with the comment quoted.

If Mr. J. M. Barrie in *The Professor's Love Story* has done nothing else, he has provided an admirable vehicle for Mr. E. S. Willard's lighter and more delicately sentimental style. That the humour of the piece is slightly attenuated is not to be wondered at from the author of *Walker, London*. On the other hand, a simple story with a whimsical side to

it is set out without affectation, and the central character—that of the Professor who is not young enough to fall in love until he is forty—is legitimately sympathetic and attractive. We welcome the illusion, otherwise we might find it hard to believe that a man, however far from the world his life may have been passed, would be puzzled at symptoms so marked and generally so unmistakable. Without so much make-believe, however, there would be very little plot. Mr. Barrie would have been unable to take us to Scotland, and would have had to find some other excuse for the introduction of Scottish characters with Scottish Humour. That, although we are obliged to recognize that the Professor is, in this matter at least, rather a fool than a child, he still charms is due to Mr. Willard's fine handling of the part. It is very widely removed from anything he has done before, and it tends to confirm our belief in his great resources as a comedy actor, as well as our faith in the efficiency of a training in melodrama as a preparation for nicer work. There is no trace of roughness or coarseness in Mr. Willard's method, though it is now, as it always has been, conspicuously strong. By the gentleness and simplicity of the man, the actor disarms hostile criticism and gains sympathy. If it is not absolutely the best work he has done, it is important as marking a step towards the adoption of a style in which his admirers have some ground for believing he may excel, as he has done in efforts less worthy of his powers. Not the least notable part of the performance is his pathetic rendering of the Professor's despair when he learns the truth, or a part of it; but the device by which his scheming, misanthropic sister is brought into a reasonable frame of mind is of the stagiast. The part of the youthful object of the Professor's affections was a high trial for so young an actress as Miss Bessie Hutton, but she was not found wanting in the grace and charm requisite for her purpose. Mr. Willard was excellently supported by a company many of the members of which have worked loyally and efficiently with him before.

At the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Tyrone Power, a young American actor, and, we believe, a grandson of the well-known actor whose name he bears, made his appearance last week in a play from his own pen, called *The Texan*. It is crude melodrama of a hackneyed type, and the principal interest in the production lies in the name of the author and actor.

The monotony of the trial *matinée* was broken on Wednesday, when *A Family Matter*, by Messrs. C. G. Compton and A. G. Hockley, was produced at the Garrick Theatre. The authors have put much good work into the play; one situation, where a confession is forced from a guilty woman, is remarkably powerful, and has been worked up to with great skill, and the dialogue is both strong and brilliant. The story, however, is somewhat involved, and the motive of the curate who holds the secret referred to in the title is not too clear. It is no reproach to the authors or their work that the piece is melodramatic; but where death-bed confessions, changings of children, and other instruments of the maker of melodrama are used, motive is of supreme importance, and should be cogent beyond the possibility of misunderstanding. The comedy side of the piece is of high excellence, and the more serious passages are ably contrived and forcibly written. But for the insufficiency of motive we should have had to describe it as a clever play; whereas all we can now call it is a play with clever work in it. Miss Mary Rorke played the guilty woman, and gave powerful effect to the confession scene. It was well acted on all hands; but especial mention should be made of the bright comedy manner of Miss Ellis Jeffreys.

REVIEWS.

THE NEW PARTY.

The New Party. Edited by Andrew Reid. London: Hodder, 1894.

IT would appear that, in the opinion of the providers of east wind for the bellies that love to be filled therewith, the said bellies are very hungry and capacious. We should have thought that *Vox Clamantium*, together with the volume of Sermons which we coupled with it some weeks ago, would have sufficed for a season. The indefatigable Mr. Andrew Reid does not think

so, and has got the usual persons, and some others, to contribute the material of a big octavo volume setting forth the aims, aspirations, and so forth, of "the New Party." You may also call them "Isocrats"—a name due to Mr. Grant Allen, either reminiscent of that classical education which he deprecates, or else refashioning "Pantisocracy" by simply taking off its "pant." We know generally who will figure in a volume like this, and we are not disappointed. Mr. Grant Allen leads off in that inimitable manner of his which takes all sciolism to be its province, and contrives to support the maximum of smatter and bombast with the minimum of matter and ballast. Lords and landlords at present defray the chief of Mr. Allen's wrath, and he says of the blessed word Isocrat, "Let us love it. Let us make it our clarion"; also, shortly afterwards, "Let us use it till the public mind accepts it as our oriflamme." How to use a clarion so that the public mind shall accept it as an oriflamme is a deep and pithy problem. And then there is the usual procession of Socialist Dick and Fabian Tom and Nondescript Harry. Mr. Walter Crane provides a pretty frontispiece and a rather indifferent poem. The Dean of Winchester makes yet one more of those singular efforts of his to crown a manhood of undistinguished donnishness with an age of demonstrative deanery. The inevitable Rev. C. L. Marson is there, impressing the innocent New Party by talk about "Ludovicus Vives, the great patristic scholar." "Margaret McMillan" says:—"Men were in a sad case to-day if they could not kill their Frankensteins"; and lays down the law on the most intricate and recondite problems of political economy with an authority justly earned by the knowledge thus evidenced of trivial and easily accessible literature. The Rev. W. J. Dawson contributes a Swinburnian pastiche. Mr. Waddie gives his well-known views about making Scotland stand where it did. A person named "Will Reason" ends up by saying:—"We have millions of brothers and sisters whose daily bread never reaches them." What? never, Mr. Will Reason? (from whose name a *not* seems to have most unaccountably dropped). Then how, pray, do the millions go on living long enough to justify that never? "Sarah Grand" writes on "What to Aim At," which, as far as we can make out, is the establishment and cherishing of the cab-runner, a pet of Mrs. Grand's who is more original, and perhaps not more offensive, than some of her other pets. Persons of the name of Warren and Jameson contribute long essays on "Private Property" and "Land Monopoly," which as far as their information goes would be quite creditable to a fifth-form boy, and as far as their intelligence rather discreditable to a chrisom child. Mr. A. R. Wallace is Mr. A. R. Wallace. What Mr. Keir Hardie and Lady Henry Somerset say may be easily guessed. Mr. Le Gallienne has "given the change" to his editor by a rather pretty set of verses, pointing out, not without humour, that all parties are much the same, and that any one who puts his trust in the New Party will probably find it very like the old ones. And then the editor himself winds up with a blast of the oriflamme (*style* Grant Allen) which has been unkindly described by advanced Gladstonians as showing "a spirit of rant and hysteria," and, among other things, talks about the country being baptised with a female fire of factory-girls. We have omitted to mention that one of the Isocrats, we forget which, lays down as the ideal "equal and ample wages for all men and women." Where the said wages are to come from the Isocrat mentioneth not.

We cannot, we confess, take the trouble to make a prolonged examination of such dreary rubbish as this. It is, as we have pointed out, not even new—a great part of it having been anticipated in the books above referred to, sometimes by the very same persons who splutter it here. There is scarce a page of it which does not contain delusions (such as that last referred to above) perceptible at once to all but the meanest intelligence, and capable of being made intelligible, we should think, to the very meanest. Hardly the slightest literary merit redeems the rubbish of the matter; and some of the writers write in a style which the leader columns of most country newspapers would reject, and which is rarely to be seen in the effusions of their correspondents. A charitable person might presume that these Isocrats were playing at eighteenth-century *fin de siècle* instead of nineteenth, and found themselves a little overparted. Certainly Mr. Grant Allen is a remarkably poor substitute for Southey, and we do not recognize Coleridge in the Reverend Mr. Dawson.

The only real amusement to be got out of a tedious and almost unreadable book is indirect, and is to be found in the irritation with which, as we have noticed above, certain Gladstonian organs have received it. Certainly that political party receives not much softer measure than the other, and the editor (whom we seem to remember as a most effusive encomiast of Mr.

Gladstone) patronises that great man, if not as a kind of "extinct Satan," certainly as a *puissance finie*. But we take the liberty of suspecting that this is not exactly the full explanation of Gladstonian wrath with the New Party. It is not even Mr. Reid's avowal that he rather prefers the plain honest Tory. "I call him robber, and he calls me villain," says Mr. Reid—by the way, there are Tories whose name for Mr. Reid is not by any means villain. (Mr. Reid, as Victor Hugo once said of another person, "aspire aux grandeurs.") The real explanation is, if we are not very greatly deceived, that there is nothing more exasperating to the human mind than to see its own follies caricatured, exaggerated, and carried just beyond the point which such a remnant of common sense as it possesses can tolerate. Now this is exactly what the New Party—the pantless Isocrats—have done to the pet shibboleths of the Gladstonians. The latter have been shouting for masses against classes, and those about Mr. Reid retort that this is only one class against another. The Gladstonians came into office fourteen years ago on a denunciation of Jingoism, and the New Party apparently is going to refuse absolutely to have any foreign policy at all. Sir William Harcourt wants eight per cent. of the rich man's succession; Mr. Grant Allen (if he could condescend to such peddling things as figures) would probably think himself generous if he were contented with ninety-eight. Now this is annoying. Pip did not like to see Trabb's boy burlesquing him; and the Gladstonian party, like Pip in that case, thinks that the Isocrats "must excite loathing in every delicate mind."

NOVELS.

- Under the Red Robe.* By Stanley Weyman. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1894.
The Green Bay Tree. By W. H. Wilkins and H. Vivian. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.
The Fool of Destiny. By Colin Middleton. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1894.
Red Cap and Blue Jacket. By George Dunn. 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1894.
The Power of the Past. By Esme Stuart. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1894.
For Love and Liberty. By Alfred Harcourt. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim. 1894.
The Anarchist. By Colonel Savage. London: Routledge & Son. 1894.

WHAT the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century and the affair of the '45 are to English historical novelists, the revolts and rebellions arising in part from the social policy of Richelieu and Mazarin, and partly from the religious temper of the times, are to the great master of French romance and to his followers. Among these Mr. Stanley Weyman will no doubt be proud to reckon himself. Sixteenth and seventeenth century intrigues, which had Catherine de Medici for their priestess, and Cardinal de Richelieu for their high priest, draw him as surely as the magic of Prince Charlie ever drew Scott, and the attractions of Cavalier and Roundhead grow dim before the struggles of Guises and Montmorencys. Thus, Mr. Weyman starts with all the advantages of a strong position, and with a life awaiting his description which is perhaps second to none in brilliancy and picturesqueness. Numerous have been the admirers of Francis Cludde and the *Gentleman of France*, and many will be the readers of the struggle between honour and love of life in M. Gil de Berault, the hero of *Under the Red Robe*; yet here and there some one will be found to raise a weak voice of criticism, and to deplore that, with all Mr. Weyman's undeniable gifts and power of grouping a story round some incident of unquestioned dramatic force, a subtle quality should still be lacking which prevents his novels from taking the place to which they would otherwise be entitled. Perhaps it is a want of proportion in the episodes that is at fault, or a tendency to repeat the same adventure—possibly on the principle that it is a "*vieux truc, mais toujours bon*." It is an excellent idea to have your hero plunge through an open door into an unknown house, in order to fight a desperate battle on a dark staircase, but the situation does not bear frequent repetition. *Under the Red Robe* opens impressively, and the interview between De Berault and the Cardinal is natural and effective; but Mr. Weyman's stratagems have a way of becoming highly complicated, and it is not always easy for the human mind to follow them. Adventures abound, and hairbreadth escapes start from every page, but a detailed account of all that the characters go through would be unfair both to author and reader. Mr. Weyman holds tight to his creed that the happiest *ménages* begin with a little aversion; but it must be conceded that Mademoiselle's conversion from hatred, terror, and scorn into admiration and love is a trifle sudden. Mr. Weyman has not been fortunate in his illustrator, which is

all the harder on him, as his book is one that affords ample material for illustration. Mlle. de Cocheforêt is invariably much more suggestive of Mrs. Kendal in a modern play than a French lady of the seventeenth century. Her hair is parted plainly down the middle, and rolled up behind, and not one of the light ringlets so dear to Anne of Austria and the ladies of her Court is visible. Then, too, the printing is so blurred that it is often hard to make out the subject of the picture. Again, is it not rather severe upon Caliban to link him with Judas, as Mr. Weyman does (vol. ii. p. 221)? Is M. Gil de Berault likely to have read *The Tempest*? Surely the first time in which their names have been coupled! And how does so careful a writer come to make the mistake of giving the eve of St. Martin as November 29th, instead of November 10th? Yet it will be answered, and answered truly, that if these are all the objections that can be made to *Under the Red Robe*, the book must be far above most of its companions.

In Miss Broughton's latest and most amusing work, the hero unconsciously reviews the heroine's novel in language that for force and directness is such as we might expect a dock labourer to employ if he took to literature. Still if ever such language might have an excuse, it is in connexion with the joint production of Messrs. Wilkins and Vivian, entitled *The Green Bay Tree*. It is a minute and lengthy study of the career of two youthful and absolutely unscrupulous persons who stick at nothing, not even at putting in their pockets money entrusted to them for some one else, and they are rewarded with the fat of the land and a place in the Cabinet. This promising couple, Walpole Coryton and his wife Violet, are introduced to us at the age of sixteen, when he is at Harrow, and she is spending the day there; and this is the way in which it is considered probable they would talk:—

"All those flowers suggest effeminacy. I have never made up my mind whether you are effeminate or only lazy."

"Oh, effeminate by all means. I have a theory that to be really charming no man can be too effeminate and no woman too masculine."

"You are very young to be such a philosopher," she said, smiling.

"*Si jeune et déjà fils de ministre*," he quoted.—(Vol. i. p. 65.)

Two or three years later we find this precocious genius at an undergraduates' club, at Cambridge, where aphorisms are invented which are considered by the authors to be "modelled on Voltaire," and worthy of record. One of these may be cited as an example:—

"When you say 'Good-bye, Colonel,' in America, every man within hearing distance takes off his hat; if you exclaimed 'Pretty scamp!' in a London drawing-room, every woman would curtsy."—(Vol. i. p. 163.)

The morals of these undergraduates seem about on a par with their intelligence; and they—or rather, perhaps, Coryton—devise a plan to get a weak brother, Tyrconnel by name, involved with a damsel of no character, with a view to stopping his engagement to the estimable niece of a Don. The plot has only a temporary success; but, when the two are ultimately married, Coryton again constructs (this time in conjunction with his young wife) an elaborate scheme by which the Tyrconnels shall be separated, a month after matrimony, by means of the same instrument as they had used before. The whole affair is very dull, very low, very improbable, and very vulgar—a criticism which may be fitly applied to the book itself. Its cynicism is not clever, nor even amusing; its men are utterly without any redeeming features—the feeble Tyrconnel possibly excepted—while its humour will be amply gauged from the introduction of such names as Miss Lyke-Spittle, Rev. Fyre Irons, Frau Bachbite, Mr. Funnie-Foulkes, and Plantagenet-Unkels. Can human imbecility go further?

It is not often in real life that we have the chance of meeting with a young baronet of excellent character and large rent-roll, so sensitive as to expatriate himself and change his name because his brother had committed forgery, and tried to "get at" the Derby favourite. Yet this is the line of conduct pursued by Sir Arthur Farquhar-Forster for many years; and, in addition, he accedes to his wife's dying request, and brings up his only son away from home, and in absolute ignorance of his parentage. It is hard upon the reader to dismiss the tale of this criminal brother's enormities with only a few words. Curiosity is excited by this brief statement to a greater degree than by any other part of the book. And when the repentant sinner is brought upon the scene as a monk of the Grande Chartreuse, it is impossible to repress a throb of delight at the thought of the probable disclosures awaiting us. But, no, his vow of silence is rigidly kept, and the world will never learn how Rupert Farquhar-Forster

got at the Derby favourite. It is not very easy to take an interest in the adventures of the remaining personages. There is a certain flatness about them, even when they verge on the horrible, as when Arthur Farquhar's wife drags him to Homburg, hoping he may catch the cholera, and die of it; while, of course, it is she who falls a victim. The suicide of her young lover on hearing of her marriage leaves us unmoved, and few people will care two straws whether Arthur Farquhar becomes a monk or not. The book is too long, too discursive, and too full of characters who have nothing to bind them together. It is apparently the work of a "prentice hand," and of a hand that will never be in a position to set up on its own account.

The Scotch schoolmaster of fiction is such a very prosy and long-winded being that it is a marvel to see his scholars turn out the close reasoners and able metaphysicians that Scotchmen in general prove themselves to be. Possibly it is a case of the survival of the fittest. Andrew Prosser, the pedagogue of Fownie, and a prominent character in *Red Cap and Blue Jacket*, is no exception to his class. He discourses about primroses, duchesses, freedom, smuggling, and every other topic in heaven and earth, in speeches that seldom measure less than a page and a half, and appear to have little reference to his audience. Indeed, want of cohesion is a marked characteristic of the whole novel. People come and go, perform certain actions, and give utterance to certain remarks; but there is frequently no natural bond of connexion between them. One thing does not necessarily grow out of another. It is jerked in. The sequence of events is forced, and the personages are by no means always consistent with themselves. For instance, it is in the highest degree unlikely that the schoolmaster, the innkeeper, and the local Earl (who has been purposely left alone on a desert island by his usurping cousin) should all turn up in the prison of the Luxembourg during the Revolution; yet this is what happens in vol. iii. They go through the regulation adventures, have their wilts wrung by the sight of the tumbrils, interview Robespierre—at least Prosser interviews him—and finally escape to England, where in their various ways they live happy for ever after. Of course the book deals with other interests besides these Revolutionary ones. There are two supremely lovely girls, and one moderately pretty one, with their various lovers, and there is the description of life in a fashionable boarding-school a hundred years ago. It is all quite harmless and quite unreal, and the novel will hurt nobody, even if it is not likely to add greatly to any one's pleasure.

Miss Stuart has written a gloomy tale which has somehow managed to stretch itself out over three volumes. The daily routine of small cathedral towns has been described so often and so ably, that it seems hardly worth while doing it again, and there is nothing in existence at Helstone which in any way differs from existence elsewhere under similar conditions. The foreign element is supplied by two young granddaughters of Canon Haybittle, and the visit of a rich and handsome young snob, Neve Quinlan, to one of the houses in the Close. Quinlan makes love without any *motif* at all to the younger and more beautiful of the two girls, whose nefarious proceedings are discovered by a severe aunt. The damsel is locked into her room, but escapes through the window, meets her admirer at the station, insists, with the guilelessness so universal in heroines, on accompanying him to London, is taken out a few miles further on by an official, at the request of her relatives, and placed "right away" for two years at a high-class school. From this school she emerges, at the age of nineteen, learned, cold, self-contained, the antithesis of her former self, and all would have been well had she not in the first misery of separation written two letters to Quinlan, one of which was returned through the Post Office, while the other was never returned at all. Hence the subsequent tears. At nineteen she goes back to her home, and marries an estimable prig, son of a neighbouring Canon. The day before the wedding Quinlan turns up, having, singular to relate, conceived a passion for her during his two years' absence in Paris. He declines to give up the compromising letter, so this determined young person shoots him, and smuggles him into her grandfather's house, where she and her sister keep him dark till after the wedding. In the midst of an ecstatic honeymoon, she hears he is much worse, and shortly after he dies forgiving her. Then the remorse of the happy bride begins—also her liability to ghosts. Her beauty gradually becomes more ethereal, and a slight shadow falls between her and her husband, till at last she confesses her crime. A temporary estrangement follows, which is on the point of being cleared up, when, owing to the negligence of the maid in not taking a letter containing the husband's pardon from the box, the too impatient wife takes a dose of laudanum, and dies robed in black velvet, outside her bedroom door.

It will be seen that such a plot presents many points of weakness, not to say of gross improbability, and that it needs most

skilful treatment to be convincing or even interesting. As a matter of fact the task is beyond Miss Stuart's powers. The whole narrative is crude and amateurish, with the want of crispness and condensation so characteristic of amateur work. Considering the vast numbers of novels written nowadays, it is marvellous that their authors never realize how high a degree of talent is necessary to engross the interest of the reader through nine hundred pages. This lesson has at any rate not been laid to heart by Miss Esmé Stuart.

Mr. Alfred Harcourt has yet to learn that a story of events which passed 300 years ago, coupled with a few Spanish phrases thrown in by way of "local colour," does not make an historical novel. By the way, of all the conventions of novelists, none is more singular than that which renders a few words of a speech in the language in which the whole was spoken. It gives an air of ostentation to the passage, and adds nothing to the vividness of the picture. Still, when this is done, it is as well that the quotation should be correct, and not placed, with the sanction and seal of the author himself, wrongly spelt among the Errata. As an example of this, in the Errata to vol. ii. it is stated "for Probecito (poor little thing) read Probecita." Now the word Probecito has occurred more than once in vol. i., applied to the same person, without any hint of a female termination; but as a matter of fact there is no such word in Spanish as "Probecito"—it is "pobrecito," feminine "pobrecita." In the same way the Spanish form of Charles is "Carlos," not "Carlo," and we say "Josef," not "Joseph." By this time the least intelligent person will have gathered that the scene of the novel is laid in Spain, and he will not have read far before he discovers that the interest is divided between the proceedings of the Inquisition and those of the Spanish Armada. The characters show a charming variety in their conversation; sometimes they express themselves like young people at Henley or Hurlingham, sometimes their phrases have the true Elizabethan ring. Mr. Harcourt's own style is about as bad as it is possible to be; he is constantly "splitting" his infinitives, and talks of "to again set eyes," "to at once send," "to accurately determine," while his sentences are often as long and involved as those of a German. In vol. i. p. 13 he says:—"And here let it be noted that, looking at the Inquisition and all its detestable surroundings as we in this age do, though it may be hard to believe, certainly the fact was, that the position of a Familiar in the Holy Office was a very esteemed post." Again, "The country to the west and south of the old city of Astorga, once the capital of the Asturias, and now, though a Grande of Spain—one of the few cities so honoured—a fallen and decayed town in the north of Leon, was inhabited," &c. (vol. i. p. 84). There is little in the book to make amends for this excessive clumsiness of style. The incidents are of the conventional sort, and the plots and counterplots so involved that it is not always easy to unravel either their cause or their meaning. It is a pity Mr. Harcourt has taken so much trouble for so very unsatisfactory a result.

Colonel Savage has written one good novel—the *Official Wife*—but the *Anarchist* will not add to his laurels. It has no story in particular, the action is disjointed and hard to follow, and the characters give one no feeling of reality. The style, it is needless to say, is of the most gorgeous and ornate sort. The heroine lives in "Cleveland's most princely residence," and is the daughter of "Cleveland's business autocrat, the rearguard of the first family of Cleveland." When the rearguard retires suddenly to a better world, his daughter Evelyn comes over to Europe, and makes the acquaintance of a gentleman who knows so little of the titles of his native land and his order that he allows himself to be addressed indifferently as "Lord Beauford" and "Lord Alfred Beauford," and of a widow who does not seem to mind if she is called "Lady Isabel" or "Lady Dunham." Lord Alfred Beauford is also referred to as "the ruined peer" or "the young noble," so that altogether Colonel Savage has made as many blunders as possible in the matter. The whole tale is very crude and very halting, and gains nothing by its manner of telling. Italics are scattered broadcast through the book, and the reader puts it down with a sigh and the involuntary reflection how wise a man was Single Speech Hamilton.

THE WORLDS OF SPACE.

The Worlds of Space: A Series of Popular Articles on Astronomical Subjects. By J. E. Gore, F.R.A.S. London: Innes & Co. 1894.

MR. GORE always writes sensibly and to the point. He has no "best bits" of which a judicious friend would counsel the excision. Astronomical bombast with its cheap effects is altogether out of his line. He refrains from any attempt—if we

may be pardoned the expression—to "come the immensities" over his readers. They get from him instead plain facts far more impressive in their simplicity than windy phrases or vague conjectures. His information is authentic, well selected, and nearly always up to date. It is conveyed, moreover, in a style perfectly intelligible to the public whom he addresses.

The volume under notice is composed of thirty-three short essays reprinted from various periodicals. They form an interesting and instructive collection, wearing none of the hackneyed air often characteristic of a gathering together of old magazine articles. This comparative freshness is, no doubt, in part an effect of careful revision—a process which might, nevertheless, in our opinion, have been with advantage carried somewhat further. Nothing tends more strongly to stamp a book as "a fortuitous concourse" of chapters than unnecessary repetitions. It is, then, a matter for some surprise that an author so experienced as Mr. Gore should have permitted the survival, here and there, of such symptoms of heterogeneity. The description, for instance, of the great Andromeda nebula, at p. 215, substantially reproduces the opening paragraphs of the preceding chapter; and certain details regarding the system of Alpha Centauri crop up three several times. From p. 109 readers are even referred back by a footnote to p. 61 "for a more accurate result" as to the joint mass of these stars. They would be better pleased, we venture to assert, had the less satisfactory statement been suppressed, and only the upshot of the computation founded upon Dr. See's improved orbit been allowed to stand. The general public is highly intolerant of inconsistencies, however slight and justifiable, and is apt to resent being confronted with them.

The mention of the great binary in Centaur brings to mind the curious untrustworthiness of the most generally accepted estimates of the relative lustre of its components:—

'According to Dr. Gould,' Mr. Gore remarks (p. 62), 'there is a difference of $2\frac{1}{2}$ magnitudes in brightness between the component stars of a Centauri. This makes the primary star ten times brighter than the companion. If we assume that both bodies have the same density and intrinsic brilliancy of surface, this ratio of brightness would imply that the mass of the larger star is about $31\frac{1}{2}$ times the mass of the smaller.'

Undeniably, on the assumptions made; but there is strong reason to believe them to be in entire disaccord with facts. For the revolving stars seem to be of nearly equal mass. This was provisionally ascertained by Mr. Stone, the present Radcliffe Observer, from a consideration of their proper motions, and observations are at present being carried on at the Cape for the express purpose of definitively settling the point. Their upshot will probably be to show the lesser to be considerably more massive in proportion to its luminous power than its primary. In other words, to be either denser or less lustrous, area for area of photosphere.

But the disparity of the couple in light is not so great as it appeared, some twenty years ago, to Dr. Gould. The suspicion even presents itself, on looking back into the history of these stars, that it has diminished. The minor luminary was, by Feuilleé and Lacaille in the last century, by Brisbane and Dunlop in the earlier part of the present, classed as of the fourth magnitude. Sir John Herschel, if we remember rightly, called it third, and described its colour as "brownish-yellow." Dr. Gill, on the other hand, established in 1882, by the use of a method of extinctions, the difference of brightness between the stars to be one magnitude and a quarter. This implies—since the combined object falls short of the splendour of Sirius by just one magnitude—that the leading member of the pair is nearly the equal of Vega, while the inferior matches Deneb (a Cygni), a proportion corresponding well with the magnificent telescopic effect of the object. The slight yellowish tinge of its light is no longer perceptibly intensified in the secondary star; so that the ostensible evidence in favour of its augmented brightness receives some confirmation from a presumable lightening in its hue.

Our author's cursory, yet judicious, discussions of extra-terrestrial life-conditions incline him to the belief "that, of the planets of the solar system, Venus is the one most likely to be inhabited by sentient beings like ourselves." He does not, accordingly, share the popular enthusiasm for Mars as a scene of intellectual activity or engineering exploits.

The volume is embellished with some admirable photographs of nebulae and clusters from negatives taken by Dr. Roberts, Dr. Gill, Mr. Russell, of Sydney, and the MM. Henry. We have noticed a few misprints and oversights of a kind in at least two cases to prove highly perplexing to the uninitiated. But for astronomical light reading the book is decidedly to be recommended.

THE NEW CORPUS POETARUM.

Corpus Poetarum Latinorum, a se aliisque deo recognitorum et brevi lectionum varietate instructum, edidit Johannes Percival Postgate. Fasc. I. London: George Bell & Sons.

THE first instalment of Mr. Postgate's new and revised edition of the *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum* consists of the first half of the two volumes that will complete the work, and contains the extant writings and fragments of Ennius, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus. The publishers inform us that those who purchase the parts as they appear in their paper wraps "will be under no disadvantage as compared with those who wait for the complete volumes, as a sufficient difference in price will be made to cover the cost of binding." The printing, we may add, is bold and clear, and the margin is sufficiently liberal to admit the annotations which many scholars like to make in their texts.

The text of the Ennius is practically reproduced by L. Müller from his edition published in 1885, *mutatis perpaucis*. The orthography followed is that which obtained in the first century of our era, "excepto ubi antiquioris usus haud dubia tradita erant indicia," and single asterisks are employed where the name of either the author or the work has not been supplied on ancient authority, double ones where both have been omitted. The Lucretius is taken, with some misprints duly corrected, from the 1886 edition by the late H. A. J. Munro—"Lucreti textum cum promississet editor ejus clarissimus Hugo A. J. Munro neque perfecisset idem immatura morte abreptus." The only substantial modifications are that the letter *u* is made to perform its double duty as consonant and vowel, and that the somewhat inconsistent use of italics has been rectified. Some critical notes have been added, derived either from Munro himself or from Lachmann, and from a certain number of accepted or probable emendations that have since been suggested. The Virgil was undertaken by Henry Nettleship, of whose death-bed labours Mr. Postgate writes with pathetic admiration. While this *Corpus* was already passing through the press, Mr. Postgate had mentioned in the preface that his friend would hereafter explain more fully the views he had taken on the text, "cum scripta atque etiam impressa verba Mors delere coegit. Hanc igitur de codicibus et ceteris subsidiis mentionem necessariam, adhibitis quæ ille ne tum quidem cum morbo jam jaceret aut Camenarum suarum aut commodi nostri oblitus partim ipse exscripserat, partim de Ribbeckii editione sumenda monuerat, moesti quo potuimus modo confecimus." It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Postgate's labours have been by no means confined to revising—he has been compelled largely to complete and carry on—the unfinished work of his distinguished collaborators. Another who was taken away before this Part appeared was E. Hiller, but he had already put the finishing touch to his text of Tibullus. The Horace has been done by Mr. James Gow, who acknowledges his indebtedness to the edition of O. Keller in 1879 for the "various readings" which are printed below the text. The Catullus was reserved by Mr. Postgate for his own contribution to this Part, nor need it shrink from comparison with any of the texts that accompany it, either in point of care and accuracy or in the frankness with which the researches of his predecessors are recognized.

Beyond the fact that it contains in a handy form the soundest known text of the Latin poets, and supplies in the brief footnotes a list of all the important varieties of reading, this latest edition of the *Corpus* makes no attempt to meet the requirements of the ordinary scholar. To have attempted anything more than has been so admirably accomplished would have been to swell the book to an unmanageable bulk. The *adnotatio critica* has already made it considerably larger than the *Corpus* published in 1828, and edited by Walker, which contained nothing but an excellent, though somewhat arbitrary, text of the poets whom it included, but amongst whom was not Ennius. It may be interesting to compare the present work in its severe simplicity with the more popular and more ambitious pretensions of the collection published under the same title by G. E. Weber in 1833, and dedicated to the "Consuls and Senates" of the "free States" of Bremen and Frankfurt. In a chatty Latin preface the editor declines to confine himself to the service of mere scholars. He has in his eye "quos amantes litterarum (Dilettanti) vocamus," and endeavours to fulfil his promise, "me interpretationem poetarum in quocunque loco difficiliore quasi primis esse labris degustaturum." He does not wish to discourage men immersed in the pleasures or business of the world from returning now and again to their Latin and Greek, and he wishes that some of his countrymen would take example by England, where courtiers, statesmen, and lawyers, even merchants and brewers, fill up odd corners of time by trifling with their Horace. Nor is the learned

man too proud to write for the use of schools and colleges, and he shows his regard for *studiosi tirones* at Virg. *Æn.* iii. 405 ("Purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu") by giving a solemn caution as to the second word—"cave aliter quam pro imperativo pass. accipias." How great has been the advance in scholarship in the last fifty years, and how much more elaborate is the apparatus of a modern editor, may be seen by comparing the lavish expenditure which must have been necessary to produce such a work as Mr. Postgate is preparing with the plaintive lament that concludes Weber's preface. In speaking of his labours on the text he expresses his deep regret that his *penuria librorum* prevented him from giving that attention to the MSS. readings which would have been desirable; "condonabunt autem hic lectores voluntati, quod peccatum est necessitate, et continget olim, spero, ut hunc defectum operis mei compensem." The labour devoted to the new *Corpus* by its editor, and the outlay incurred by its publishers, will, perhaps, not be fully appreciated by the majority of those who place it on their library shelves, since it ought to have a sale far exceeding the narrow bounds of the world of scholarship. It is a book that should be purchased by everybody who did not bid good-bye to his Latin when he proceeded to his B.A. degree.

REYNARD THE FOX.

The History of Reynard the Fox. A Free Rendering into Verse of the Translation made in the Days of King Edward the Fourth by William Caxton from the Dutch Prose Version of the Story, with the addition of some particular Matters not therein set down, but very needful to be known. By F. S. Ellis. With Devices by Walter Crane. London: David Nutt. 1894.

NOT the least of Caxton's good deeds was the printing of his English version of the delectable History of Reynard the Fox. None of his works achieved greater popularity—which is by no means surprising, if we consider the irresistible appeal of the subject to all manner of men and the exceeding merits of his translation. Instant was the popularity of Caxton's book. It was reprinted by Pynson, and again by Gaultier, in 1550, and is the source of almost countless other printed forms of the story. Yet the importance of Caxton's book in English literature was very nearly missed by so keen an historian of letters as Hallam. The bibliographer of English Reynards would find himself engaged on a task that promises to be as unending as the labours of editors, commentators, and philologists who have been attracted to the subject. The history of these should be as interminable as the enumeration of English books and booklets of Reynard the Fox. We are minded of one ingenious commentator who argued that the story was not known in Chaucer's day, since Chaucer calls his fox "Russell," not Reynard, as if Chaucer did not know the colour of a fox. We recall, also, as we contemplate the handsome volume now before us, that there have been shilling books of Reynard's history, and even a penny one, adorned, we believe, with rude cuts, like the once popular penny histories of Valentine and Orson, and similar immortal tales. Before Mr. F. S. Ellis was happily inspired to make the present venture, the story has been done into verse of various kinds, but not, we think, directly from Caxton. In 1681 appeared the first of which there is record, a quarto volume entitled *The Most Delightful History of Reynard the Fox*, in Heroic Verse, which proved so successful that a second edition was issued the same year. Another curious version in verse appeared in 1706, as *The Crafty Courtier, or the Fable of Reinard the Fox*, newly done into English verse from certain "antient Latin iambics." But the tale of these Reynards is unending. In the British Museum is the only existing chap book on the subject, "printed by J. Blare on London Bridge," the opening passage of which may be quoted here, both for its general resemblance to the Caxtonian version and for the name given to the royal palace:—"When Flora had drest up the Earth in her holiday apparel, to give entertainment unto the ever-welcome Spring, the princely Lion, the King of Beasts, intending to keep open court at his royal Palace of Menasten, set forth a Proclamation commanding all beasts to repair thither," and so forth. Mr. Ellis, in the rhymed glossary that is a delightful feature of his book, explains not this cryptic word "Menasten," which, however, is not to be charged against him as neglect, since the word does not occur in Caxton, nor in any other version of the story that we know of.

Freely rendered as Mr. Ellis's book is, the verse follows Caxton closely, on the whole; and with this admirable fidelity it has also a Chaucerian spirit that is not less congenial to the theme. The humour of the original is of a playful and light-hearted kind. It is primitive, and, as we still hold, perennial. When Mr. Ellis employs a modern locution, it is generally one that is proper to the vernacular. He uses the homely phrase

with happy effect—as, for example, in the amusing colloque between Reynard and Tybert, when the Fox is enticing the Cat to the trap in the imaginary mouse-full barn:—

"But yet, my Tybert, dear old boy,
'Tis my delight to give you joy;
But still, I pray, restrain your rapture,
And you shall soon see such a capture
As will not only make you start,
But thrill you to the very heart."
Then the Fox with a knowing wink
Said to himself, "I rather think
The capture will be such as you
Will have no stomach to renew.
Though of fat mice you should have plenty,
I'd not be you for thousands twenty."
Then said he, speaking now aloud,
"Dear Tyb, you really do me proud;
It always gives me great disgust
To see old friends old friends distrust."

One of the most delightful episodes of this diverting history tells of Bruin's embassy to Malperdy, Reynard's castle, to call him to Court to purge him of the offences of which he is accused, and of the clever device by which the Bear was caught. The commotion caused in the village by the news is well represented in the lively picture of the roused inhabitants:—

Then through the thorp the news soon rang,
To catch a weapon each man sprang,
Till there was left nor man nor wife
But ran as though 'twere for dear life;
This seized a staff, and that a stake,
And this a broom, and that a rake;
For better weapon at a loss
The priest caught hold of his staff cross,
While the clerk followed at his tail,
Armed with a heavy threshing-flail.
The priest's wife ran with her distaff,
Joining the rout with ringing laugh;
Ran maids in earliest bloom of youth,
Ran beldames that held ne'er a tooth,
And the whole crowd had but one will,
Bruin to beat, and maim, and kill.

Whether "the priest's wife" occurs in the narrative printed by Gheraert de Leeu, we cannot affirm; but it were a venturesome expression, we must allow, even in Caxton. Mr. Ellis, to be sure, professes to give a free rendering, and his verse, as we have observed, is yet excellently true to the Caxtonian book in general. Many obsolete or archaic words are retained, and occasionally expressions and phrases. The strange names of beasts furnish comment in the "Glossarial Notes in Vulpine Verse." There are, for example:—

The Musehont, Fitchew, and Martron,
The Beaver and his wife Ordgale,
The Squirrel with wide bushy tail,
Following the Bonsing and the Ferret,
Who well the henwife's hatred merit,
For e'en as Reynard are these twain
Of roosters and fat pullets fain.
The Genet also and Ostrole
(More rare to sight than delving mole).

Some of these names elude the commentator's solution, and some have misled the learned. Thus does Mr. Ellis write in his Glossary of "Bonsing":—

This word as "Boussyng" you may see
In the great Oxford N. E. D.
Caxton's turned "n" misplaced it there,
Polecats in Dutch do this name bear.

What will Dr. Murray say to this? Then that curious creature, the "Ostrole," fit only for the pages of Mandeville and his tribe, remains a wonder:—

This cryptogamic beast all search
Eludes, and leaves us in the lurch.
To naturalists he is unknown,
And etymologists him disown;
Müller has tracked him all he can,
Yet baffles he him and Logeman.

The "Ostrole," in short, is of the company of "Master Abram"—that learned Hebrew—and "Master Akeryn," concerning whom and their writings Mr. Ellis regretfully records nothing. He thinks they may be vulpine inventions designed to make commentators furiously rage together. And who was "Master Gelys," whom the King of Beasts quotes as a sound divine? We heartily approve of Mr. Ellis's comment on "leasing":—

He who our new-turned Bible tries
For this good word, will now find "lies,"
Psalm V. verse 6, or else falsehood,
Psalm IV. verse 2, where "leasing" stood.

Does all the world know what "eisel" is? We trow not, though Mr. Ellis charitably observes of it:—

For this one needs not to seek far,
All the world knows 'tis vinegar.

"Slonk," it must be admitted, is a word that might try many a good man of words, since

This good word has been treated badly,
Left in the cold by Skeat and Bradley;
To find the reason beats one hollow,
'Tis a good Caxton word for swallow.

The discerning reader will not fail to note that Mr. Ellis, in addition to his rhymed glossary, has furnished his book with a kind of rhymed "argument," in Spenserian fashion, as a marginal heading for the page. Mr. Walter Crane contributes charming decorative designs for title and frontispiece, and some ingenious head-pieces, all of which "devices" are in good accord with Mr. Ellis's attractive and interesting volume.

FOUR MILITARY BOOKS.

Handbook to Field Training in the Infantry. By Major J. W. Malet, Northumberland Fusiliers. London: Gale & Polden.

Tactics as Applied to Schemes. By Captain J. Sherston, the Rifle Brigade. London: Gale & Polden.

The Non-Commissioned Officer's Guide to Promotion. By G. D'Arcy-Evans, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles. London: Gale & Polden.

Scoring Book: New and Improved Rifle-Shots Register. London: Gale & Polden.

THERE is so much an officer has to carry in his head nowadays that, in spite of promotion examinations and careful education at Sandhurst and Woolwich, few men could take the field with confidence had they not an aide-mémoire at hand to refresh their knowledge with regard to the numerous small details involved in what may appear elementary problems to the lay mind. A soldier ought to be able to set about putting a house in a state of defence with just as little previous thought as he needs every day when he walks on to parade. He ought to be perfectly competent to construct earthworks of suitable dimensions, to build an impromptu bridge, to knot ropes, sling casks, or loophole a wall off hand at a moment's notice. It will not be demanding too much from him either, it may be thought, to ask him to "read a map" as readily as a doctor does a prescription; neither should the making of a simple military sketch of a position be an insuperable obstacle to him. These things, in short, are his vocation, and he ought to know them. But knowledge not constantly practically applied is soon forgotten, and the daily routine of our service does not comprise, and could scarcely be made to comprise, exercises which would render such businesslike tasks as we have indicated familiar. The soldier requires so much attention in his barrack room and on ordinary drill parades that but little time in the week remains for realistic work. He has to be taught how to clothe himself, how to clean his arms, how to keep his kit and bed tidy, and almost how to walk. He must be educated to handle his weapons to the best purpose, he must learn to shoot, his body must be developed by physical training and gymnastics; and when he has been knocked into shape, and is a soldier in bearing and ideas and deportment, perhaps it is time for him to take a voyage to India, or the colonies, or even to join the Reserve. Added to all these obstacles to ideal soldiering, be it remembered that there are such things as "fatigues" and "guard duties," ceremonials, reviews, and manoeuvres. No wonder that the short English summer or the cold weather in India is half over ere topography, and field fortification, and bridging, and the laying out of camps and bivouacs, can be even thought of. Nevertheless officers, and even non-commissioned, must be able to show a certain amount of familiarity with these subjects, and so it is that men like Major Malet find their opportunity. And we doubt not but that their attention must often awaken feelings of much gratitude on the part of those for whom they write. The little book before us is an excellent one in its way. Perhaps it is just a trifle too superficial, and the student who pins his faith on it alone may painfully be brought to recognize some day the truth of the oft-quoted line as to the danger of a little knowledge. If regarded, as it should be, merely as a handy little book of reference, it will however, no doubt, often be of much service to its possessors. In several respects, nevertheless, it might with advantage be revised, and we trust its author will take it kindly from us if we point out a few errors that appear at once on the surface, and might easily be rectified. "*Heather*" is not represented by any conventional sign, nowadays, according to the text-book on topography which is the official one, and there should be no cause, therefore, for anxiety as to a "*marsh*" being

mistaken for ground of a totally different character. Neither is it correct to say that a "scale is a statement of the proportion between a map or plan and the ground which it represents." What it does show is the *linear* proportion, and that is a totally different matter. Major Malet, however, is to be excused for his mistake here, for the official text-book has for many years supported his view, and is still perpetuating the error amongst our cadets and young officers. The paragraphs dealing with map-reading, too, are inadequate as far as contours are concerned, and the student is given no assistance towards distinguishing between spurs and valleys—an operation often extremely puzzling. The plate showing the various kinds of knots is likewise very badly lithographed, and in some cases it is impossible to say which part of a rope is on top or under another part. It is also to be regretted that no diagrams explanatory of the construction of military bridges are given. To try to learn how to make such a structure without the aid of a diagram is as futile to the average student as it is to try to master the account of a battle without a plan, or a page of geography without a map. Notwithstanding these blemishes, however, this is a useful little book, and will, no doubt, prove a valuable companion to many a young officer.

Tactics as Applied to Schemes is a little work of much the same character as the one we have been discussing. The difficulty most officers find, however, is not so much in schemes as in the particular tactics that have to be applied to them. For these same constitute an inexact science, and examiners have very different views as to how a problem is to be solved. It is even possible that were suggestions perhaps held to be faulty by an examiner put to a practical test, they might work out more advantageously than those which, in his mind, are true and orthodox. It is for this reason that we greatly regret the absence of answers to the hard cases which Captain Sherston has placed before his readers. Every man will be able to formulate a plan for dealing with them, but many will still be as far as ever from feeling confident that their views have a chance of being considered correct when they have done so. Some questioners are, we know, impatient enough to ask, and not to trouble about the reply. But more judicious men work in the opposite direction, and make up their minds as to the reply ere they commit themselves to a question. The unfortunate candidate preparing for the ordeal usually finds most valuable aid in a process of self-examination; and to this end written solutions are just as essential as are problems. The method adopted by Moltke in educating staff officers is to be commended to Captain Sherston's notice, and he will not find labours in imitation of that great strategist thrown away. These unsatisfactory exercises occupy about a third of the pages before us, the remainder being taken up with the principles which are to be put in practice. To be useful as a manual in tactics they should go more fully into the subject; as it is, they touch so superficially on certain portions of it that we fear they will scarcely compete successfully with the host of rival text-books already in the field. If supplemented, however, by lectures and the study of the drill-book, as they no doubt are intended to be, they would probably be of considerable assistance, and perhaps their very brevity will recommend them where more voluminous works might prove confusing. There is, however, as much danger in saying too little as too much. The statement on p. 1, that the top of a map may be taken as the north, for example, is most misleading. It is perfectly true that the sides of a map usually run *true* north and south; but the discovery of the magnetic north is what almost always puzzles beginners, and they should be warned of the pitfall that yawns for them here. But there are blunders to be found in these pages which are not to be so easily pardoned as are mere omissions. On p. 11 the calculation for cavalry in sections is put at *twenty-five* yards per file. Whereas two yards is, we presume, intended. And over the leaf we are told to *add* twelve per cent., whereas we ought to deduct that amount. There seems to us, too, to be something wrong about the statement that sentries are usually placed from 500 to 1,000 yards apart. The exact interval must depend much on the nature of the country; but to lay down a minimum distance of 500 yards is rather startling, and it would be far more nearly correct to halve it. It is all very well to add "provided they can see"; but that proviso might be made to cover the front of a whole army corps, and a youth might imbibe very dangerous notions if his ideas in warfare were based alone on what he is told here. Artillery, too, is an arm which is likely to play such a prominent part in the fighting of the future that surely more than a short page might have been devoted to the consideration of its tactics. Both infantry and cavalry officers are, nowadays, expected to appreciate the handling of the "vile guns," and will need more tuition than is here provided for them if they are to acquit themselves with any

credit. The paragraphs on "Raids and Surprises" appear to have been compiled with a total indifference to the feats of Stuart, Morgan, and Forrest in the American War; and Gourko's dash across the Balkans in 1877, and Wolseley's raid on Cairo in 1882, would appear to have been already forgotten. For we are told that such enterprises are usually undertaken by one or two squadrons only. But then the "main point is to appear unexpectedly, and to disappear rapidly." So perhaps Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook's tambourines will suffice for the purpose.

Messrs. Gale & Polden's *Scoring Book* will, no doubt, prove extremely convenient at the butts, and supplies a handy means of registering the result of every round during a match on small diagrams of the targets. A few hints at the commencement will be of service to recruits, and the dials on which the direction of the wind can readily be noted will supply memoranda for future guidance. We thank the compilers for a word which we have never heard of hitherto. "Ventometer" will add a new horror to war.

The necessity for cramming seems to have extended from the officers to the rank and file. While the former must study manuals of tactics, the non-commissioned ranks cannot dispense with a *Guide to Promotion* in a less elevated sphere. And Mr. D'Arcy Evans's book is so excellent that our Military Education Department have recommended it to the notice of young soldiers. The system of questions and answers is in it most completely carried out, and the men are better cared for in this respect, therefore, than their leaders have been in the work intended for them which we have just dealt with. In his preface, Mr. D'Arcy Evans, however, leaves us in a state of some ambiguity. For he tells us that his book contains questions and answers in those subjects "in which the candidates are required to answer such *vis à voce* questions as may be put by the Examining Board, and also save the latter much trouble." Does he mean to say that it is easier to examine men who know than those who do not, or does he intend to educate the Board as well as the candidates?

PARZIVAL

Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival*. Translated by Jessie L. Weston. Vol. I. London: Nutt.

THOSE Englishmen (perhaps the number is not very large) who know the greatest German contribution to the Arthurian cycle—especially those who esteemed its literary merit before English Wagnerism invested it with a secondary interest—will be glad that an attempt has been made to introduce it more widely to English readers. The original, as far as language goes, is not very difficult in reality; but it is scarcely to be expected that those who not merely shy at the very slight disguise of Old French but cannot even relish Middle English should care to grapple with Old German. At the same time the translation of Wolfram is no easy task, and we cannot say that Miss Weston, from the purely literary point of view, has achieved more than a success of esteem in it. Although the substitution of a single long line for the skipping couplets of the original is open to obvious objections, we do not know that any other plan would have been open to fewer or less grave; and if a long line was taken nothing could possibly be better than the combination of anapestic and trochaic rhythm, of which Mr. Morris has made such magnificent use in *Sigurd*. But all these long lines are terribly liable to drag, to become doggerel, to become monotonous; and we know critics who think that Mr. Morris himself has given no higher proof of his poetic power than in his successful avoidance of these dangers. To speak frankly, Miss Weston has been less skilful or less fortunate. Now and then she has a capital line, such as—

And their raiment was wet with the tear-drops that grief from their eye-lids wrung.

But elsewhere she wanders off into unscannable things which are simply prose and bad prose; she indulges in such horrible and heartrending no-rhymes as "saw" and "bore," she has awkward inversions and clumsy contractions. Yet considering the extreme difficulty of the task, we do not on the whole think that she has exceeded the allowance which may fairly be granted to a translator who modestly disclaims elegance, and claims only fidelity and intelligibility—who aim at giving what her author says and giving it in a form easy, or, at any rate, not very difficult to read.

Miss Weston has done this, and it was worth doing. For no abstract, unless it were an extremely full one, illustrated by long and frequent passages of translation, can possibly give the English reader a true idea of Wolfram's great poem. Into the not uninteresting, but very obscure and conjectural questions about its French originals, about a possible double meaning with

reference to the actual fortunes of the House of Anjou, and so forth, we cannot enter here. As we have taken frequent occasion to remark, we regard all such questions, if not exactly with dislike, with a certain jealousy and suspicion on account of the strange fascination which they seem to have for the usual literary student, drawing him away from the consideration of works and authors in themselves. Whether there ever was such a person as "Kyot," and whether he was really moved with virtuous indignation at the naughty conduct of Chrestien of Troyes in telling the Graal-story wrong; whether the Gamuret of the poem was Fulk V. of Anjou, or somebody else, or nobody at all, are inquiries which we leave to *strenua inertia*. We find it quite as much as we can ourselves do to read and enjoy the great poetry of the world as poetry, the great prose of the world as prose.

To the class, arranged in the large and liberal sense, of such great poetry the work of Wolfram von Eschenbach may certainly be admitted. It is a member, and perhaps on the whole the most distinguished member, of what may be called the third stage of the Arthurian Cycle, when we regard that cycle with literary spectacles achromatized from non-literary matters. There

first the story of Arthur as a more or less purely romantic story. Then the Graal legend rises, or comes in, and begins to imprint a mystical character on the romance; and, lastly, the mysterious and allegorical element gets the better of the mere story altogether, and Arthur, his Court and his fortunes, except as traditional framework and stock figures, drop into the background. It was fitting that this last stage should receive its most remarkable expression and development at German hands; and we should still recommend any one who is not lazy and knows his modern German pretty well to get Bartsch's handy and admirably annotated *Parzival* and *Titarel*, stow it in his travelling-bag when he goes for a holiday, and dream over it and with it in sight of mountain or sea. For a dream it is; and only a dreamer shall enter into it.

Short of this (and we must admit that the faculty of reading old forms of a modern language currently and without too much scholastic wrestling is not a universal one) Miss Weston will supply a very fair substitute as guide in the pilgrimage to the "wondrous Burg of Montsalvatsch," to the mysteries of the Bleeding Lance and the knives of silver. The present is only the first volume. We leave *Parzival* with Trevezent—a penitent and pupil at once. The great bulk of the Gawain adventures, as well as the meeting of *Parzival* with his half-brother Feirefiz, have to come before his installation as Graal-King. But the character of the poem is quite sufficiently displayed here, and, indeed, some may think that its most interesting parts are here included. Certainly, whether Chrestien told the tale "unreht" or not, we shall look in vain in his version of it for the singular character of dreaminess above referred to, as well as for the somewhat obscure moralizing which some may think a doubtful gain. Of minor, but still of genuine literary interest is the odd deflexion from the original French or French-Celtic names of the story into curious eccentricities of jargon which anticipate the strange gibberish nomenclature of the *Amadis* cycle, though for the most part it is possible to trace in them French originals very much *estropiés*. Nor for all that has been said of Eschenbach's moral tendencies, let any one be afraid of a too austere colouring. Although the poet has strict principles they are compatible with a good deal of indulgence for the worship of Frau Minne; and though the Knight according to Wolfram was in some ways an ascetic, yet had he "certain condolences, certain veils," to soften his trials.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

La Baraonda. By Gerolamo Rovetta. Milan: Fratelli Treves.

I Nostri Figli. By Cordelia. Milan: Fratelli Treves.

I Pescatori di Balene. By Emilio Salgari. Milan: Fratelli Treves.

LA Baraonda is a sad book, one is almost tempted to say a bad book; bad, not in the sense usually attached to the qualification—there is nothing in it that shocks directly decency or morals—at least no more than in any other modern novel; but this is the most cruel indictment man ever drew against his own country. In the author's gallery of types we see specimens of almost every sphere and every class, from a decrepit nobleman to a house porter, all engaged in intriguing, lying, swindling; trading on what young Italy holds most sacred, hawking about, here a name, there a title, women their charms, a Monsignore his conscience—a fantastic dance of profound blackguardism with blackmail for a partner; a genuine *baraonda* in fine; there is no equivalent in English for the word; but one may put it as a cross between a *curée* and a *débâcle*; it is a little more than the former, and not yet the latter, but next door to it. Signor

Rovetta has found the pretext of his novel in quite recent events connected with the Italian *panamino*. We have not done yet with this shameful page of the *rinascimento* of the author's country, for the financial scandals of the Banca Romana stand on their trial at this very moment—and one may doubt the advisableness of using for literary purposes phenomena of social life before one has felt the reaction necessary for a calm and impartial judgment. A book based on materials of this kind might be condemned as a book with a narrow purpose or as a novel "with keys"; and Signor Rovetta's novel is all that; with a purpose, *à clefs*, and unpatriotic into the bargain. And still, in spite of these grave reproaches, one must fain admit that *La Baraonda* is an admirable contribution to the literature of the country. The author stands midway between Giovanni Verga and Gabriele d'Annunzio in point of tendencies; he is modern, a *verista* and a first-rate observer; but there is just that touch of romanticism in some of his works which gives a pleasant relief to the sombre images he evokes.

In point of style he is, perhaps, the most natural of Italian writers, telling his stories simply, fluently, without rhetorics, but also without colloquialisms. The form of his last novel, *La Baraonda*, is that of a narrative pure and simple; the reader is thus led through a perfect maze of incidents, events, and intrigues, and is allowed a free hand in drawing his own conclusions; the author avoids forming any—purposely, it seems—and in this guise the thread of the narrative is remarkably strengthened, whilst the matter of fact *exposé* of all situations gives the whole thing unusual power and directness. The central figure of the book is one Matteo Cantasirena—an ideal name for an ideal *farabutto*; he is the pivot of the whole *baraonda*. As we make his acquaintance we find him editing a "Dictionary of Living Patriots," a sequel to a ditto of dead ones, to be followed by a "Dictionary of Munificent Patriots," of "Popular Patriots," of "Unpopular Patriots," and all other patriots—sure signs these of hard times and of a dire necessity compelling an otherwise amiable ruffian to have recourse to expedients, say, prepaid subscriptions for a publication which never sees the light of day, and a touch of blackmail. Our hero edits also a paper; he has two daughters, or two nieces—he does not know which, nor do the girls, Evelina and Nora; they are not even sure they are sisters. He has a private secretary, Pietro Laner, an Irredentist youth from the Trentino; and he has also the young man's 20,000 francs. Then there are the creditors—*i tirolesi*, as they are amusingly called—and immense hopes. How these hopes are realized through the marriage of the beautiful but vicious Nora with the arch old Duca di Casalbara; how finance, love, shame, dishonour, simplicity, cunning, blackguardism, and genuine fear of God hobnob in the pages of the *Baraonda* will be best seen by turning to the book, the perusal of which we heartily recommend. To those who are familiar with Milan life many of the types created by Signor Rovetta will seem puzzling, though somehow not unknown; the key to the mystery is in the extremely adroit way in which the author has melted several well-known or notorious personalities to compose each single one of his characters. Take Cantasirena, for example. The physique is borrowed from an esteemed man of letters to be seen every evening at the Manzoni; his manner of speech is that of an old journalist; the phraseology is taken from a revolutionary deputy; and even the costume is copied from that of a *farabutto* one sees daily at the Biffi. Take the German banker, Kloss; the stories told of him are current stories of the Galleria about certain operative agents; his *meneghino da zuccone*—Milanese dialect with German accent—is the language of a foreign banker-consul swamped not long ago in the "panamino"; the description of his get-up and figure tallies with those of a peaceful citizen lunching every day at the Cova. And Nora, and *il contessone*, and Perego, and Galli! One knows them one and all; one has met them in Milan or in Rome, even in a few weeks' stay. To sum up, Signor Rovetta has given in *La Baraonda* even more than one had the right to expect from the author of former masterpieces.

I Nostri Figli, by Cordelia—a *nom de guerre* of a lady not unconnected with a great publishing house in Milan—is a kind of vade-mecum in twenty-one chapters for Italian mammas. There seems to be a taste for this sort of amiable literature in Italy, for Cordelia is only one of a bevy of Italian authors for ever bristling with advice, and overflowing with good intentions. One must say, however, in all fairness, that much of the advice which *I Nostri Figli* contains is excellent, that the suggestions are often practical and in good taste, and that we reckon it an especial merit that in the chapter dealing with "Ipocrisie," a certain island is never mentioned once.

In *I Pescatori di Balene*, Signor Emilio Salgari follows in the tracks of Jules Verne; there is not in the story the fancy of the

astonishing Frenchman, and the incidents are not over thrilling, but there is an extremely fine description of a Polar winter and of a forced sojourn among icefields and icebergs, and there are some accurate items of information. The illustrations are good, but they do not always refer to the text.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Korea and the Sacred White Mountain; being a Brief Account of a Journey in Korea in 1891. By Captain A. E. J. Cavendish, 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. London: George Philip. 1894.

Gold, Sport, and Coffee-Planting in Mysore. By Robert H. Elliot. London: Constable & Co. 1894.

KOREA is an interesting country, and comparatively little known, although our squadron sometimes comes to an anchor in its ports to give the seamen a run ashore. It is a mountainous peninsula, intersected by streams, with forests of vast extent, and some plains and valleys of great fertility. In certain contingencies it might assume political importance, for it is coveted by three powerful neighbours. It recognizes the nominal suzerainty of China, sending annual tribute to the Court of Peking. It has successfully repelled invasions of the Japanese, who for a time had established themselves on a strip of the eastern seaboard. And Russia would gladly take possession of harbours in a more genial climate than that of Siberia, but she knows that any aggression might provoke hostilities with England, as well as the great Oriental Empires. So Korea is a sort of East Asiatic Belgium, where independence is secured by international jealousies. Consequently, though all the male population are supposed to be ready to serve on occasion, she can afford to dispense with ships—almost with a standing army—and to neglect her maritime defences. Captain Cavendish can say little for the quality or discipline of the few regular troops, although an able German officer has been engaged to drill them. A certain number of so-called soldiers are maintained, besides, to swell the state of the monarch and the innumerable civil dignitaries. The king is a henpecked *fainéant*, the Court is thoroughly corrupt, and all the appointments go by favour or family influence. The capital, Séoul, says Captain Cavendish, is what Paris is to France, only more so. No educated or aristocratic Korean is happy out of it, and the ambition of each youth is to enter the Civil Service, although the candidates are out of all proportion to the posts. The pay is miserable, but the perquisites and opportunities are many; and in particular the officers of the Crown, when they travel, live on the fat of the land at the cost of the people. That custom proved embarrassing to Captain Cavendish and his travelling companion. They had neither the right nor the will to levy contributions forcibly; and so they sometimes came near starving in the midst of plenty, as the villagers were slow to believe in getting payment. It was adding insult to injury to be kept awake all the night by the crowing of cocks, and to be solemnly assured next morning that there were neither eggs nor poultry. For the Koreans can lie with a calm suavity, carrying inevitable conviction before you come to know them. Like the West Irishmen, they never stick at an answer, and the Englishmen's confidential interpreter was never at a loss when questioned as to matters of which he was profoundly ignorant; and even the rude hunters and settlers of the interior were volubly free with figures and statistics. One of them, when asked the height of the White Mountain, which towered on the horizon behind his hut, answered off hand "Two hundred miles." The few cities are filthy and overcrowded; the wild country is very sparsely populated. Captain Cavendish gives the very worst report of the townsfolk of all ranks. Their morals are execrable and their manners atrocious. The faces and figures of males and females show conspicuous evidences of hereditary vice. The fashionable inns and the village houses were to be avoided, and the travellers preferred to use their tents. The difficulty was to find a level and a clean piece of ground on which to pitch them; for the natives have a primitive disregard for civilized sanitation and for decency. Otherwise the peasantry and country people made a favourable impression. The coolies who came as porters were sturdy, manly, good-humoured, and contented. Once they starved for over a fortnight on short measure of millet with scarcely a grumble. Next to the galled and underfed, but surefooted, ponies and the swarms of biting and stinging insects which infested the fields as well as the dwellings, the great drawback to the pleasures of travel was the universal curiosity. Even under cover of the tents privacy was impossible, and bathing in the rivers was the most attractive of all popular spectacles. In fact, these peasants have abundance of spare time on their hands. The rich soil easily supplies their simple wants; for eight months in the twelve they do nothing

but smoke and gossip, leaving the work that must be done to the women and children.

The scenery was invariably picturesque and romantic. The road or track lay through wooded hills, often along perilously precipitous ledges overhanging the rocky bed of some rushing torrent. The rivers were seldom bridged, the fords were few and awkward, and the ferrying was by crank and leaky boats. Game is said to be plentiful, but the travellers saw little of it; sometimes they bagged a few teal or ducks, or got pot-shots at a sort of tree-partridge or black-game. The inhabitants practise fly-fishing not unsuccessfully, though the tackle is coarse string tied to a bamboo, and the fly a rough monstrosity of fur or feather. Furthermore, as they approached the famous White Mountain they got among the professional hunters, who have their isolated log shanties in the desolate wilderness, and get a living by trapping sable or shooting bear and deer for their skins. One of Captain Cavendish's two chief objects was to get some tiger or leopard shooting, and it is certain that the woods abound with these animals, for the inhabitants everywhere were in abject terror of them, and the coolies were shy of encamping outside the villages. But the sportsmen never succeeded in setting eyes on one, though they offered handsome rewards for a mere glimpse of the game. The second object was to ascend the White Mountain, but that the shortness of Captain Cavendish's leave prevented his attempting. Captain Goold-Adams, however, achieved the feat, after much toil and considerable privation, having narrowly escaped the beginning of the winter snowfall. Had it surprised him, there would probably have been a fatal catastrophe. His final start was from the same hunter's cabin from which Messrs. James, Fulford, and Younghusband took their departure a few years ago, though they had approached the mountain from the Manchurian side. Those earlier adventurers were more fortunate in the season, for they saw the lower slopes enamelled with flowers, and in all the glorious blaze of the spring azalea bloom. But Captain Goold-Adams, as he stood on the lip of the crater containing the lake, saw the same magnificent and almost unrivalled view. The first to admire it, by the way, were the enterprising Jesuit Fathers, who made the ascent early in the eighteenth century, the general veracity of Père du Halde's narrative being now confirmed. It is true that, with pardonable exaggeration, there being nobody to contradict, he reported the mountain as one of the highest in the world, whereas the altitude is considerably under 9,000 feet.

On the strength of a forty years' residence in Mysore, Mr. Elliot has written an instructive book on that particular province and on Southern India generally. He gives a most attractive account of the picturesque mountain scenery, now made very accessible by railways. Mysore is specially remarkable for magnificent waterfalls, and he describes the Gai-r-soppa Falls in Canara as even superior to the more famous falls on the Cauvery, associated with the tiger-slaying episode in the *Old Forest Ranger*. And Mr. Elliot has many good tiger stories to tell, and much to say of the habits and eccentricities of the skulking savage. In Mysore, where it is difficult to track tigers in the vast forests, the general practice is to attract them by live baits. Mr. Elliot defends the method as really indispensable, and causing on the whole a great diminution of animal suffering. Yet humanitarians, though no sentimentalists, might have something to urge against scattering live bullocks broadcast through a patch of jungle, and subjecting the intelligent animals to the tortures of agonizing suspense. He deplors the possible extinction of the stately bison, owing to the indiscriminate slaughter of cows and bulls. But all the big game in these districts has been sadly killed down, since so many of the natives have supplied themselves with fire-arms. Snakes are plentiful and often poisonous, but not nearly so dangerous as is believed. In his long experience Mr. Elliot can only recall two well-authenticated cases of death by snake-bite. From which he infers that the annual return of nearly nineteen thousand deaths for the whole of India must in reality represent an alarming amount of secret and atrocious crime. Nothing is easier where there is no coroner's inquest than for a villager to wreak his malice on an unsuspecting neighbour, subsequently puncturing his victim's skin, so as to divert suspicion to the snakes. There is a very excellent chapter upon Caste, judiciously and dispassionately written, showing that caste is a necessity of Indian social existence, and, further, that, from the point of morality, there is much to be said in its favour. Finally, about half the volume is devoted to coffee-planting, on which Mr. Elliot speaks with the authority of an expert.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Le livre du préfet. Par Jules Nicole. Genève et Bâle: Georg.
La définition de la philosophie. Par Ernest Naville. Genève et Bâle: Georg.
Histoire de l'alimentation. Par Louis Bourdeau. Paris: Alcan.
A travers la Russie Boréale. Par Charles Rabot. *Voyage aux trois Guyanes.* Par C. Verschuur. Paris: Hachette.
Badinage. Par Jean de la Brète. Paris: Plon.
Maia. Par Charles de Bordeu. Paris: Plon.
La maison de la vieille. Par Catulle Mendès. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.

IT seems that M. Jules Nicole, Professor in the Faculty of Letters at Geneva, published last year the Greek text, hitherto unknown, of an edict of the Emperor Leo the Philosopher, at the end of the ninth century, on the Trade Unions of Constantinople. His edition did not come into our hands; we wish it had. But he has sent us an extremely prettily printed French translation which is well worth having. We always ("a bad habit, my dear, a bad habit!") plunge into the text before reading prefaces and the like, and the result of doing this here was to anticipate M. Nicole in the cry—which, indeed, no one who reads it could fail to utter—"Why, this is the Paradise of Mr. John Burns!" (N.B. M. Nicole does not mention Mr. Burns; but he says ditto to us in his way.) Here, in the ever-blessed city of Constantinople, at the end of that age of light the ninth century, labour, capital, and everything else had got themselves organized in a fashion beyond the dreams of a thousand Pickards. The wicked *entrepreneur*—what is the Byzantine Greek for *entrepreneur*, and why did not M. Nicole send us that original?—was to be *fouetté et rasé*, and at need *confisqué*, if anything whatever went wrong. Prices, wages, and the like were to be fixed by *artisans experts*, and observed under pain of whipping, shaving, and confiscating. "Shopgrabbers"—we must coin a phrase—were to be whipped and shaved; blacklegs who sold intrusive pigs were to be whipped and shaved. Generally speaking, everybody who transgressed Trade Union rules was to be whipped and shaved and, if necessary, confiscated—that is to say (though doctors differ) either his "margin" was to be taken from him or his whole substance. Could anything be more admirable? Could anything be better suited to make Constantinople in fact, as she was in name, the mistress of the world? And yet—and yet—the Historic Muse will keep whispering that the history of the Byzantine capital and the Byzantine Empire after the times of Leo the Philosopher is not exactly a history of unmitigated and unmingled prosperity. Exactly for Leo the Philosopher! Alas for his "Book of the Prefect"! Alas for the County Council of Constantinople!

M. Naville's interesting work starts from the sanguine phrase of Leibnitz to Malebranche, "If definitions were given, disputes would soon cease." We say "sanguine" out of deference to M. Naville, who takes it in that sense; but we rather suspect Leibnitz, who had undeveloped humour, of suggesting a pretty obvious sarcasm. However that may be, it is certain that the definition is the greatest enemy of loose talk, and that during the last hundred years, when it has gone rather out of fashion, loose talk has abounded. Nor have we any fault to find with M. Naville's obvious adherence to the old definition of philosophy as *scientia scientiarum*. But we are less certain about the healing effect of his method of proceeding by laying down a series of middle axioms, and then expanding or defending them. Modern languages have got so loose in one sense and so hidebound in another that a really good axiom or definition is hard to frame in them. For instance, "La causalité n'est pas une simple succession," independently of the fact that we agree with it, is a perfectly stated "dependence." You can fight about it; you can affirm or deny it; but you cannot misunderstand it. But when you come to such remarks as "L'observation est sensible, psychique, ou rationnelle," still more to such as "La vérification d'une hypothèse rationnelle résulte du lien logique établi entre cette hypothèse et les vérités antécédemment établies," we get into a far more risky region. Half the words here are contentious; and we recognize the drift if we dispute the possibility of another dogma of M. Naville's, that a universal language is needed.

M. Bourdeau's *Histoire de l'alimentation* is a careful, useful book, not unlike some well-known English treatises, but well written up and full of interesting facts. To think, for instance, of a time when there were no cork-screws! Yet it seems that no "Monk of the Screw" could possibly have been enrolled before the seventeenth century, for the simple reason that the "screw" *par excellence* did not exist. The glass bottle brought the driven cork; the cork brought the cork-screw.

MM. Hachette's "Collection of Illustrated Travels" has contained many good numbers, and both the additions to it, which are now before us, are worthy of their predecessors. But they

are of unequal interest to the mere reader. M. Rabot's travels in Northern Russia and Siberia are very careful ethnologically and zoologically speaking, and the country of the *tundras*, of the great rivers, and of the strange tribes of Finn and Lapp is not to be despised. But it is something monotonous, and M. Rabot's handling of it, though not dull, is not very lively. M. Verschuur, on the other hand, has told his last visit to the West Indies and Guiana with a great deal of liveliness, and yet without undue jocosity. The well-known modesty of Englishmen must, however, be prepared not to blush too painfully over his praises of British Guiana, which, by his account, is very nearly everything that a colony could, should, or ought to be, while Dutch is only struggling into a moderate degree of prosperity, and French is about as bad as it can be.

Three novels, very different but all remarkable, lie before us. M. de la Brète's is a fresh experiment in that gallery of girls—innocent without being in the least mawkish, and arch without being at all vulgar—which the author of *Mon oncle et mon curé* is elaborating. The more of them the better. In *Maia* M. de Bordeu has attempted a difficult thing, a sort of *märchen* combining *Undine* (only the *Undine* here is wicked) with the story of the ring given to Venus and a striking Basque legend called the "Three Waves." It is not wholly successful, but well tried. As for M. Catulle Mendès, who shall either speak or not speak of him? That *La maison de la vieille* is said to be a "book with keys" and of personal application interests us not at all; that it is full of that extraordinary monomania of its author's which hardly permits his books to escape lock and key does not render it more precious in our eyes; that it is written in the most admirable French and displays almost the highest powers of phantasmagoria in words conquers a place for it here.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN more senses than one may the Bishop of Sierra Leone's annals of his diocese, *Sierra Leone after a Hundred Years* (Seeley & Co.), be described as an interesting book published for a good cause. In the first place, Dr. Ingham's work should decidedly realize the author's aim, which is to arouse the colony to its peculiarly instructive and interesting history in the past, and to stimulate all who are interested in its present prospects and welfare. It is important, as the Bishop remarks, that the rising generation of Sierra Leoneans should remember their past, and be fortified both by its lessons and examples. We may mention also, in connexion with this worthy object, that the profits from the sale of this book will be devoted to the benefit of the "Princess Christian Cottage Hospital," opened at Sierra Leone in 1892, the centennial year of the colony, as officially recognized, though the first settlement occurred in 1787. The centenary celebration has naturally not passed by without new schemes of enterprise. It is proposed to start a Diocesan Technical School in Freetown, "as a distinctively missionary effort," and contributions to the "Diocesan Fund" of this Technical School will be received by Mr. Morton W. Smith, of 4 Essex Court, Temple. Dr. Ingham's material for the early history of Sierra Leone comprises the diary of John Clarkson, the first Governor, with reports and other papers of the Sierra Leone Company. The diary of Clarkson, which has never yet been printed, is of great interest, and the extracts now given afford lively pictures of the perils and obstacles with which the Company and the original settlers had to contend. As was the case with Liberia, the Sierra Leone scheme of colonization was one of simple repatriation of the coast by negroes. The first settlers were a portion of some four hundred black folk, shipped from London at the cost of Granville Sharp, chiefly, in 1787, at the instance of the Sierra Leone Company, formed in that year, with Henry Thornton as its first chairman. The colony was of purely philanthropic origin, and was promoted by Thomas Clarkson, Smeathman, Wilberforce, Thornton, and other prominent advocates of the freed negro. In 1792 a second and more remarkable settlement followed, composed of nearly two thousand Africans, who, after taking the British side in the American War, had fled to Halifax, whence, by the aid of sympathizing Nova Scotians, they set sail for Sierra Leone. These colonists were placed in the charge of John Clarkson, then an officer in the Royal Navy, and soon afterwards appointed Governor of the colonies. Clarkson soon had his hands full of work, what with the rainy season and fevers, the "jealousies and absurd notions" of the ladies of the colony, the shortness of provisions, the squabbles of the "old settlers"—Granville Sharp's people—and the activity of "King Jimmy," whom, however, the politic Governor knew how to manage, being a man of resources. One of his first serious troubles was in connexion with the arrival of a motley company of white people, originally destined for the unlucky colony of Bulam or Bulamo. Clarkson expostulated

with "the Governor and Council of Bulam" on the bad behaviour of these Bulamites, and eventually had to banish them by proclamation from the colony. His diary is full of curious matters, besides these political and administrative affairs. He tells a strange story of a bold baboon which entered a tent, and tried to carry off a young girl, and did not give up his object until he had fought a man who came to the rescue. The story corroborates the old legends of travellers. Clarkson thinks that the beast was "a real orang-outang," which, of course, it was not, but most probably was a chimpanzee, though possibly a gorilla. He reports to the Company some amusing petitions from colonists. One asks him to "accept" a turtle, apparently in return for the present of some nails and boards to mend his long-boat. Another notifies the birth of a daughter, and desires necessary nourishment for mother and child, "such as Oatmeal, Molassis, or Shuggar, a little wine and spirits, and some Nutmeg, and your Memorialist shall ever pray. N.B. And one lb. Candles for light." Dr. Ingham deals also with the history of the Church Missionary Society's work, and gives an interesting account of the Temne people, the Kroomen, and the "mixed multitude" of Freetown. His book is well illustrated with portraits and reproductions of old prints, and of some excellent modern photographs.

The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley's *Literary Associations of the English Lakes* (Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons), in two volumes, is something of a new Guide to the Lake District, since it is no mere rambling chronicle commemorative of the famous persons who have visited or lived among the Lakes; but a compendious record, with a distinct topographical plan. Mr. Rawnsley writes, in fact, to preserve local memories "in their several localities." With the first volume, which treats of "Cumberland, Keswick, and Southey's county," is issued a good map of the whole district. The second volume deals with "Westmoreland, Windermere, and the Haunts of Wordsworth," and for this section the map is of equal value. Devout Lakers are under an obligation to Mr. Rawnsley, whose work is very well done and truly comprehensive. One omission only do we note that we consider essential to the theme, in all the long and varied array of eminent persons whose association, whether it be the residential qualification or otherwise, with the Lakes is dealt with in these volumes. Mr. Rawnsley tells not of William Gilpin, his tour and his acquaintances, though Bernard Gilpin, "the Apostle of the North," he fails not to call up, in his imaginary journey through Kentmere Vale, with other early writers, such as Dr. Brown the poet, Mrs. Radcliffe, Gray, and Wilkinson, the delightful Quaker with the Wordsworthian soul. In one short walk, through Borrowdale, we find ourselves under Mr. Rawnsley's guidance, in the company of Gray and Dr. Brown, Southey and Wordsworth, Turner and Rogers, Keats, Carlyle, and the author of *Thorndale*. At Keswick many memories are invoked of Southey and his visitors at Greta Hall; and of his neighbours the Calverts at Windy Brow, the Shelleys at Chestnut Hill, and so forth. Elleray and Wilson inspire a charming chapter. Of Wordsworth it needs not to be said that the record is full; and in every instance the subject is illustrated by apt quotation and the "local habitation" carefully indicated. Indeed, a chief merit of Mr. Rawnsley's work is its topographical method. This feature will be valued by the tourist in the Lake country; and, fortunately, both volumes are portable as well as pleasant reading. We cannot but commend the skill and industry with which the author has carried out his interesting, and by no means light, enterprise.

An *Account of Shelley's Visits to France, Switzerland, and Savoy in 1814 and 1816*, by Charles I. Elton (Bliss, Sands, & Foster), is a kind of essay, or illustrative comment, upon the little book published for the Shelleys by Hookham, in 1817, as *A Six Weeks' Tour*, &c. Nearly one half of Mr. Elton's book is devoted to extracts from the *Tour*. We are disposed to think it is a pity Mr. Elton did not print the *Tour* in full, since it is but a little book and extremely characteristic. However, Mr. Elton's extracts are liberal in measure, and will doubtless find interested readers among those who know not the original. In his essay he notes the progress of the wanderers with profuse illustration, drawn from various sources, some of which is apt, and some a trifle wide of the mark. Thus Mr. Elton's quotations from M. Marc-Théodore Bourrit's *Nouvelle description*, &c. (Geneva: 1787); the travels of Dr. John Moore; the mountaineering experiences of Dr. Paccard (Lausanne: 1786); and from a MS. account of a tour by Sir F. M. Eden in 1790, are happily chosen and interesting as illustration. But it is a trifle superfluous to attempt to describe that "drive to Rotterdam," which the Shelleys apparently thought not worth describing, by quoting from the *Letters* of Lady Mary Montagu. It is interesting to trace the sublime imagery of the *Prometheus Unbound* in the *Tour*, but we have no proof of such reminiscences as Mr. Elton

cites. They are matters for conjecture, not positive affirmation. That poem, by the way, was not finished at Rome, but at Florence. Mr. Elton's pretty book is illustrated with etchings and pen-and-ink sketches and a portrait of Shelley, which shows the poet with an aquiline nose, instead of a nose "tip-tilted," and is, on Peacock's authority, no portrait at all.

Mr. Henry James's *Two Comedies* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)—"Tenants" and "Disengaged" their titles—are described by the author in precise, not to say elaborate, terms, to have been written for representation, and for representation in particular conditions. What these conditions were the author makes sufficiently clear in his preface. But without that plain statement it would be tolerably plain to the discerning reader that both comedies—the first especially—tell of those conditions and of the writer's absorbed interest in the aims he had in view. That these plays afford good reading, and will not lack an appreciative audience, yielding the joys of the "performance imaginary," we are tolerably confident. It is indisputable, however, that they demand for their full interpretation on the stage extremely good acting. No one will think this tribute to Mr. James's art ill deserved who considers the scheme of "Tenants," for instance. Some subtlety, it must be owned, is required of actors in a comedy in which almost all the characters are playing parts and mutually conscious of one another's assumption. To render all this coil of artifice naturally, missing no point, however veiled or hinted, in Mr. James's crisp, yet perhaps overcharged, dialogue, were a pretty test of the powers of actors. We suspect Mr. James of an ironical humour when he styles these comedies "simple attempts," and expresses the belief that they "missed their way through an anxious excess of simplicity." At least, they do not strike us in that way.

Simplicity is the note of, as it is proper to, Mr. F. M. Simpson's *Drawing-Room Duologues* (Fisher Unwin), a set of eight dramatic scenes designed to be played without stage or scenery, and "pictured" by Mr. Greiffenhagen in some clever drawings. In these two-part pieces Mr. Simpson shows considerable skill, considering the restricted conditions, both in devising and developing a situation. "On the Brink," "The Chaperone," and "The Lesson," are particularly effective examples, and in "Our Amateurs" we have an amusing rehearsal scene, in which two amateur actors rehearse the foibles of their kind, and end in making love in earnest.

The best of Mr. G. H. Radford's "eight studies"—*Shylock and Others* (Fisher Unwin)—are the Shakspearian essays and the paper on Coleridge and Pantisocracy. We may doubt, perhaps, if Shylock is, as Mr. Radford affirms, as much a "creation" as Caliban, and that when Shakspeare drew the Jew he drew wholly on his imagination. He had a good stage prototype in Marlowe's Jew. But Mr. Radford's conception of Shylock as a pure delineation of fancy is set forth with humour and plausibility. On "Hamlet's madness" he is both entertaining and convincing, though he might, we think, have further strengthened from the text his unanswerable conclusion on that matter. But he does not explain what we have never yet known explained, and that is—not the common actor's view, nor the common commentator's view, that Hamlet was mad, but the general popular belief of the time in Hamlet's madness. The history of the Pantisocrats is pleasantly told, and the points in which the late Lord Tennyson departed from the witness of Malory are neatly summed up in "King Arthur," a superfluous undertaking though it be.

Mr. Septimus Rivington's record of the oldest existing publishing business in London—*The House of Rivington* (Rivington, Percival, & Co.)—dates from the year 1711, when Charles Rivington succeeded to the business of Richard Chiswell, and started publishing at the sign of "the Bible and Crown," afterwards to become one of the most familiar of publishers' emblems. The story of this prevailing and flourishing house is full of interest to everybody whose love for books embraces all book-lore and all that concerns books. From Curwen's *History of Booksellers* and from private documents, Mr. Rivington tells the story in plain and effective terms, noting all the changes of constitution in the firm, and the more eventful relations with authors during the long period under survey. How Charles Rivington soothed that desperate fire-eater, Colonel Ethan Allan, with some old Madeira, and how he came to publish *Pamela*, are matters of history that occur in this memorial volume, and very good stories. In an appendix Mr. Rivington prints some interesting extracts from a journal of Charles Rivington, the grandson of the founder of the firm, which exhibit in vivid light the busy life and the recreations of a London publisher towards the close of the last century. Mr. Rivington's book is illustrated by facsimiles of title-pages of some of the first publications of the house, and by excellent portraits.

Poems and Lyrics of Nature, edited by Edith Wingate Rinder (Scott), is a collection of song by living writers, or such as were living at the time of editing, since we note the name of the late Roden Noel among the contributors. The selection from each writer is wisely restricted to some two or three examples. Thus the representation is wide and varied. The editor's introduction is pleasantly written and sympathetic, though the omission of any reference to Chatterton and Blake in her survey of the work of English lyrists who are "poets of nature" is somewhat strange.

Mr. G. R. Sims, in his short stories, *Memoirs of a Landlady* (Chatto & Windus), shows his well-known dexterity and invention in devising mysteries, burglaries, and other moving accidents, that may visit a London lodging-house. His Landlady of this cycle of stories is well favoured by fate or destiny; but her experiences will entertain a good many people who little suspect her calling as in any way romantic.

Mr. Hume Nisbet is evidently bent upon stirring the blood of the novel-reader in *A Singular Crime* (White & Co.), and it may be with considerable success. This is a story of certain bad men, Singalese robbers and murderers, who deal in jewels after their kind, and drug and murder their victims, some of whom are able druggers themselves, storing among the domestic requisites of an English home queer and scarce-heard-of medicines.

We have also received an English translation of Signor Mantegazza's *L'Arte di prender Marito—The Art of Taking a Wife* (Gay & Bird); a new edition of *Dr. Janet of Harley Street*, by Arabella Kenealy (Digby, Long, & Co.); a volume of Chilean statistics, *Estadística Comercial de la República de Chile* for 1892 (Valparaíso: Helfmann); Part III., Vol. III., of the tenth edition of *Quain's Elements of Anatomy*, edited by Professor Schäfer and G. D. Dance (Longmans & Co.), illustrated; the Howard Lectures *On the Development and Transmission of Power from Central Stations*, by Professor W. C. Unwin (Longmans & Co.); and a further instalment of *Anecdota Oxoniensis* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), comprising the "Earliest Translation of the Old Testament into the Basque Language," a Fragment, edited by Llewellyn Thomas, M.A.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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